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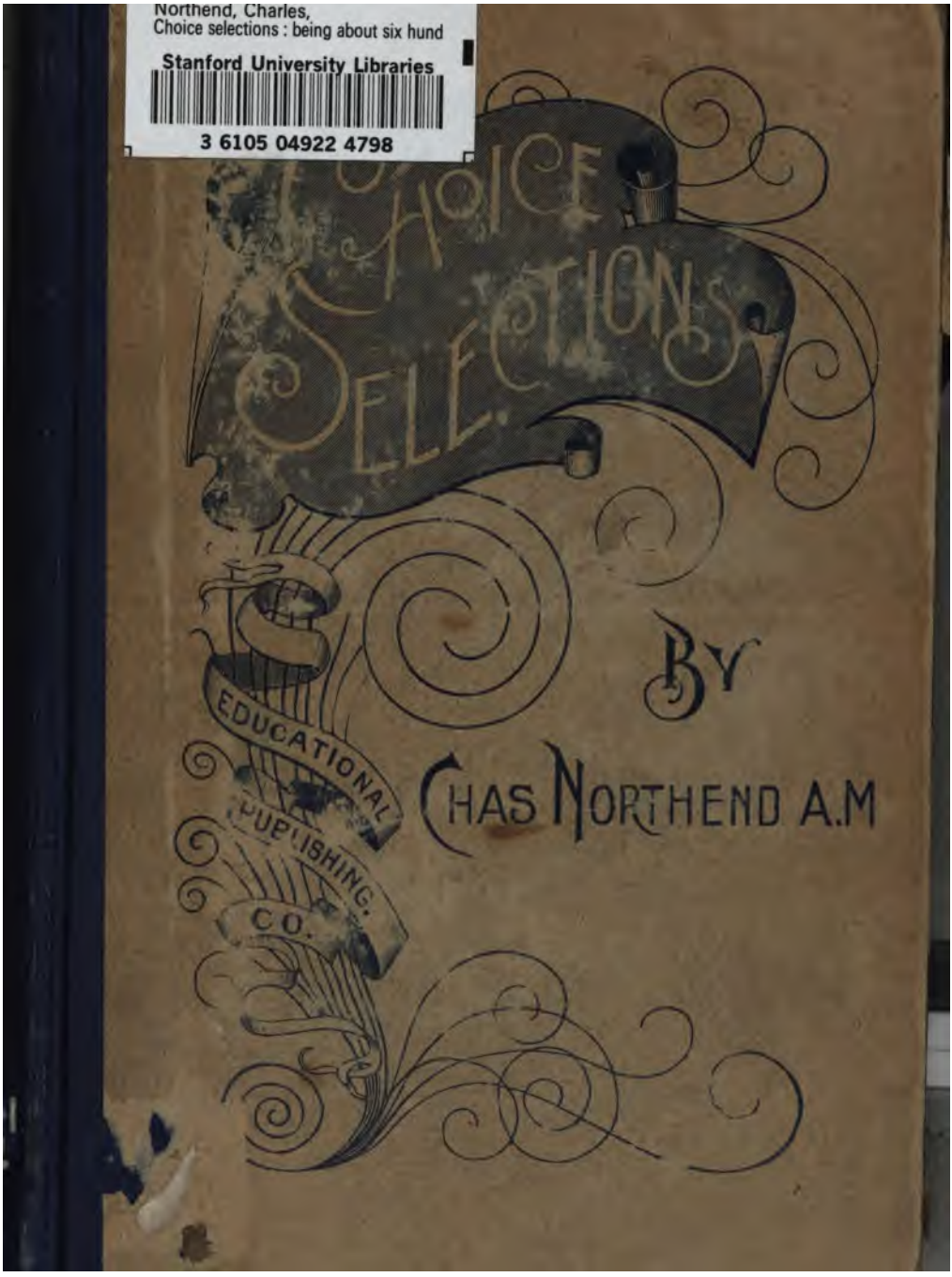

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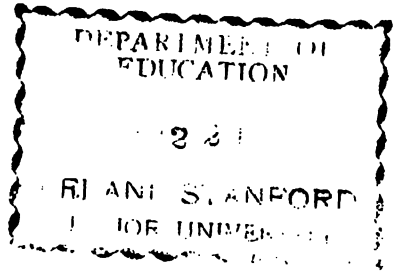

CHOICE SELECTIONS

BEING ABOUT SIX HUNDRED EXTRACTS
FROM MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED DIFFERENT
AUTHORS

DESIGNED FOR LESSONS IN RECITATION, READING, MORALS, AND LITERATURE

BY

CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M.

AUTHOR OF "TEACHER AND PARENT," "TEACHER'S ASSISTANT," ETC.

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BY CHARLES NORTHEND.

TO TEACHERS.

This volume, with a few changes and additions, was originally published in two separate parts, but, with the impression that a combination of the two will prove more acceptable, they are so presented in this issue.

The book contains about six hundred selections, from more than two hundred different authors, and each selection contains a thought worthy the attention of youth.

A lady of highly successful and varied experience in school work, having used PART I, writes: "I am glad to tell you what a help 'Memory Gems' have been to me. I have used them for lessons in Grammar, Spelling, Memory, Literature, etc. My pupils are always greatly interested in them, and I wish every teacher might enjoy the satisfaction and profit I have received from their use."

Very much of the benefit from the use of this volume will depend upon the teacher, and it is believed

that with a little tact on the part of teachers it will prove both interesting and instructive.

It is recommended that special attention be given to the following points:

1. An accurate and careful reading or reciting the selections.

2. A brief account, so far as may be, of the author of the selection read or recited.

3. A frequent expansion of the subject or thought of a selection in a conversational way.

Hoping that the little manual may prove useful to pupils and helpful to teachers, it is commended to their attention by their friend,

THE COMPILER.

NEW BRITAIN,

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

PART I.

1. What we learn in our youth grows up with us, and in time becomes a part of the mind itself.—*Anon.*

2. They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sidney.*

3. Never be discouraged by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times he will mend it as many. Perseverance and patience will accomplish wonders.—*Anon.*

4. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshipers.—*Bryant.*

5. If God has made the world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found.—*Montgomery.*

6. Of all monuments raised to the memory of distinguished men, the most appropriate, and the least exceptionable, are those whose foundations are laid in their own works, and which are constructed of materials supplied and wrought by their own labors.
—*Josiah Quincy.*

7. Consider and act with reference to the true ends of existence. This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of our lives touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity.
—*E. H. Chapin.*

8. Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.
—*J. M. Good*

9. A life in any sphere that is the expression and outflow of an honest, earnest, loving heart, taking counsel only of God and itself, will be certain to be a life of beneficence in the best possible direction.
—*J. G. Holland.*

10. There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will.—*Shakespeare.*

11. Evil thoughts are more dangerous than wild beasts. Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts and bad ones will find no room. The cup that is full will hold no more.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.—*Anon.*

12. He that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.—*Shaks.*

13. There is no better relief to study than the regular performance of special duties in the house. To feel that one is really doing something every day, that the house is tidier for one's efforts, and the comfort of the family enhanced, is the surest warrant of content and cheerfulness.—*J. G. Holland.*

14. Oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.
—*John Brown.*

15. Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.—*Edw. Everett.*

16 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
—*T. N. Talfourd*

17. All the beautiful orders of architecture and creations of the pencil, all the conceptions of the beautiful in nature, and art, and humanity, are inventions extorted, as it were, from the mind, to extend and increase the pleasures of sense.—*Elihu Burritt.*

18. Hope on, hope ever, yet the time shall come,
When man to man shall be a friend and brother;
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all earth's family love one another!
Hope on, hope ever!—*G. Massey.*

19. Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation, there is never-ceasing motion, without rest by night or day, ever weaving to and fro.—*Longfellow.*

20. Read,—not to contradict and confute,—not to believe and take for granted,—not to find talk and discourse,—but to weigh and consider.—*Bacon.*

21. If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,—
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.—*Longfellow.*

22. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity. —*Anon.*

23. Among the pitfalls in our way,
The best of us walk blindly;
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.—*Alice Carey.*

24. Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—*Sir H. Davy.*

25. Know then this truth,—enough for man to know,—
"Virtue alone is happiness below."—*Pope.*

26. The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.—*Dr. Channing.*

27. So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.—*Milnes.*

28. In the sun, the moon, the sky;
On the mountains wild and high;
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the wood, the plain;
In the little birds that sing;
God is seen in everything.—*Anon.*

29. Let us toil on; the work we leave behind us,
Though incomplete, God's hand will yet embalm
And use in some way,—and the news will find us
In Heaven above, and sweeten endless calm.
—*Anon.*

30. And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
—*J. R. Lowell.*

31. Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow,
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.—*Mrs. E. C. Kinney.*

32. If two angels were sent down from heaven to execute the divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire and the other to sweep a street, they would feel no inclination to change employments.—*Newton.*

33. Sow truth, if thou the true would'st reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.
—*Bonar.*

34. The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence whether they will or not.—*Cudworth.*

35. The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips.—*Leighton.*

36. Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly.—*Landor.*

37. The sandal tree perfumes, when riven,
The ax that laid it low:
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe.—*Sadi.*

38. Education should bring to mind the ideal of the individual.—*Richter.*

39. Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.—*Longfellow.*

40. If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Franklin.*

41. If you have an enemy treat him kindly, and you will make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but continue your kindness and you will succeed. Repeated kindness will soften the hardest heart.—*Anon.*

42. Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will sometimes come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may cause a conflagration. A fit of passion may cause regret all vour life. Never revenge an injury.—*Anon.*

43. The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In Lark and Nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.—*Montgomery.*

44. Mind what you run after. Never be contented with a bubble that will burst, nor with a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which is worth keeping and that you can keep.

Get something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver melt away.—*Anon.*

45. He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,—
Alike they're needful to the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

—*S. F. Adams.*

46. If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If Freedom, set, will rise again,
And Virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care,—
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear and forbear.—*Wordsworth.*

47. Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow upon others is reflected back to your own bosom.—*Anon.*

48. Have Faith! where'er thy bark is driven,—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,—
Know this! God rules the hosts of Heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.—*Schiller.*

49. Rugged strength and radiant beauty,—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty,—
These will form the perfect man.—*Mrs. Hale.*

50. Politeness is the outward garment of good will.
—*Anon*

51. Good nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.—*Anon.*

52. Press on! if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breasts, who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage like a coat of mail.
—*Park Benjamin.*

53. If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading, or do things worth writing.—*Franklin.*

54. Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,—
Some days must be dark and dreary.
—*Longfellow.*

55. Return the civilities thou receivest, and be ever grateful for favors.—*Penn.*

56. To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a saber; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.—*Sadi.*

57. For right is right, since God is God,—
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.—*Faber.*

58. Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines.—*Horace Smith.*

59. Be kind to thy mother, for when thou wast young
Who loved thee so fondly as she? [tongue,
She caught the first accents that fell from thy
And joined in thy innocent glee.—*Anon.*

60. Have Love! Not love alone for one;
But man as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.—*Schiller.*

61. He who does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it makes it two.—*Watts.*

62. Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living
preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loveliest nook.—*Horace Smith.*

63. O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,
Springs a truer, nobler life.—*J. Fagan.*

64. Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell
What treasures exist in the cold, deep well;
Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
And then ye may reckon what water is worth.
—*Eliza Cook.*

65. How dreary would the meadow be
In the pleasant summer light,
Suppose there wasn't a bird to sing,
And suppose the grass was white.
—*Alice Carey.*

66. Duty points, with outstretched fingers,
Every soul to action high;
Wo betide the soul that lingers,
Onward! onward is the cry.—*J. Fagan.*

67. Ours is the seed-time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with Him.— *Whittier.*

68. Have Hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,—
No night but hath its morn.—*Schiller.*

69. Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—*Tennyson.*

70. 'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better years begin.—*Curry.*

71. Wisdom, with our stature, grant us,
Goodness for each growing year,—
Nor let folly's wiles enchant us
From our duty's sacred sphere.
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

72. Look upon the bright side of your condition; then your discontents will disperse. Pore not upon your losses, but recount your mercies.—*Watson.*

73. Be kind to thy father, and let on his brow
No traces of sorrow be seen;
O well may'st thou cherish and comfort him now,
For loving and kind hath he been.—*Anon.*

74. Dare to do right! dare to be true!
For you have a work no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.—*Anon.*

75. Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, spurn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.
—*Wordsworth.*

76. There's not a leaf within the bower,
There's not a bird upon the tree,
There's not a dew-drop on the flower
But bears the impress, Lord, of thee.
—*Mrs. Opie.*

77. The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which looks upon all for the best,
And, while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest:
That spirit's the dream of devotion
Which lights us through life to its close,
And sets, like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose.
—*Geo. P. Morris.*

78. We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us like sad funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.—*Longfellow.*

79. How doth the sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue,—blue,—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall;
I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.—*Bryant*

80. 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.
—*Young.*

81. Leaves have their time to fall, [breath,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

82. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured.—*Addison.*

83. All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful,
Courage for ever is happy and wise:
All for the best,—if a man would but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best!
—*Tupper.*

84. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—*Bacon.*

85. Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would seek for pearls must dive below.
—*Dryden.*

86. Hard words are like hail-stones in summer, breaking down and destroying what, if melted into drops, they would nourish.—*Anon.*

87. Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles, a hundredfold,
Is a healthy body, and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.
—*Alexander Smart.*

88. Earth is our work-house, and Heaven is, or should be, our store-house. Our chief business here is to lay up treasures there.—*Dr. Grynoeus.*

89. I never could find a good reason
Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
And all the bright joys of life's season
Be driven unheeded away.
Our cares would make no more emotion,
Were we to our lot but resigned,
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
That leave scarce a ripple behind.
—*Geo. P. Morris.*

90. Speak properly, and in as few words as you can, but always plainly; for the end of speech is not ostentation, but to be understood.—*Penn.*

91. Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will still be the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.—*Bonar.*

92. No one loves to *tell* a tale of scandal but to him who loves to *hear* it. Learn, then, to rebuke and silence the detracting tongue, by refusing to hear. Never make your *ear* the *grave* of another's good name.—*Anon.*

93. For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,—
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.—*Bryant.*

94. Experience is the best schoolmaster, but the *school fees* are heavy.—*Coleridge.*

95. Dare forsake what you deem wrong,
Dare to do what you deem right,
Dare your conscience to obey;
Nor dare alone, but *do* with might.—*Anon.*

96. He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything.—*Dr. Johnson.*

97. There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.—*Bryant.*

98. The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right employment of them. —*Montaigne.*

99. For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
—*Congreve.*

100. No man is a better merchant than he who pays out his time upon God, and his money upon the poor.—*Bishop Taylor.*

101. Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor.
—*O. W. Holmes.*

102. Obedience to parents is not only our duty, but our interest.—*W. Penn.*

103. Death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.—*Whittier.*

104. When thou feelest a disposition to sin, seek a place where God cannot see thee.—*Lokman.*

105. Let no mean jealousies pervert your mind,
A blemish in another's fame to find;
Be grateful for the gifts that you possess,
Nor deem a rival's merits makes yours less.
—*Cowper.*

106. Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
—*Shakespeare*

107. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.—*Shakespeare*

108 Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.
—*Bacon.*

109. Be wise and use thy wisdom well;
Who wisely speaks must live it too.
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he *lived*, then *spoke* the true.
—*Bonar*

110 The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.
—*Wordsworth.*

111 So let us live, that if misfortune's blast
Come like a whirlwind to our hearths at last,
Sunbeams may break from one small spot of blue
To guide us safe life's dreary desert through.
—*J. T. Fields*

112. He that has more knowledge than judgment, is made for another man's use more than his own.
—*Penn.*

113. Like birds, whose beauties languish, half concealed
Till mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded, shine with azure, green, and gold,
How blessings brighten as they take their flight.
—*Young.*

114. The end of learning is to know God and out of that knowledge to love Him and imitate Him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue.—*Milton.*

115. Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.—*Pope.*

116. The cross is the courage of those that are fighting bravely; the recovery of those that are fallen; the crown of those that are victorious. The cross subjects us to momentary death, and recompenses us with eternal life.—*Dimiani.*

117. Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven, but, one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.
—*Miss A. A. Procter.*

118. Believe nothing against another but upon good authority; nor report what may hurt another unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it.—*Penn.*

119. One by one the sands are flowing;
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,—
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadows passing through the land.—*Anon.*

120. When it rains, let it rain. When there are calms let there be calms. Regrets are both useless and sinful.—*Rev. Dr. Poor.*

121. To me the world's an open book,
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way towards the sea.
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.
—*Geo. P. Morris.*

122. Whoever yields to temptation debases himself with a debasement from which he can never arise. This, indeed, is, calamity of calamities, the bitterest dreg in the cup of bitterness. Every unrighteous act tells with a thousandfold more force upon the actor than upon the sufferer. The false man is more false to himself than to any one else. He may despoil others, but himself is the chief loser. The world's scorn he might sometimes forget, but the knowledge of his own perfidy is undying.—*Horace Mann.*

123 My youth is but a summer's day,
Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay
A store of learning by;
And though from flower to flower I rove,
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
Nor be a butterfly.—*Anon.*

124. He who has no respect for religion, can have no true respect for himself.—*Anon.*

125. Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.—*Longfellow.*

126. I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.—*Shaks.*

127. God hath a presence, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noonday, the star of the night,
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?

—*Eliza Cook.*

128. Moral beauty comprises two distinct elements, —equally, but diversely beautiful,—justice and charity, respect and love of men. He who expresses in his conduct justice and charity, accomplishes the most beautiful of all works; the good man is, in his way, the greatest of all artists.—*Victor Cousin.*

129. God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

—*Mary Howitt.*

130. As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer's sun breathes upon it, melts, and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun,—so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love.—*Longfellow.*

131. The cross, if rightly borne, shall be
No burden but support to thee.—*Whittier.*

132. Every want, not of a low kind, physical as well as moral, which the human breast feels, and which brutes do not feel, and cannot feel, raises man by so much in the scale of existence, and is a clear proof, and a direct instance, of the favor of God toward His so much favored human offspring.—*D. Webster.*

133. He lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none,
Whence life can be supplied.—*Cowper.*

134. Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go it gapeth with a wide bank; not without pleasure and delightful wooding, while it is on both sides set with trees and the beauties of various flowers.—*Feltham.*

135. Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on
Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.—*Young.*

136. Disappointments and distress are often blessings in disguise.—*Anon.*

137. Don't crowd; the world is large enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of all are open wide—
The realm of thought is free.
In all earth's places you are right
To chase the best you can—
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad,
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had:
To each day's record such a one
That you might well be proud:
Give each his right—give each his room,
And never try to crowd.—*Chas. Dickens.*

138. Every degree of guilt incurred by yielding to temptation, tends to debase the mind, and to weaken the generous and benevolent principles of human nature.—*Anon.*

139. "Little by little," a small boy said, [head;
And each day the "littles" he stored in his
Little by little in wisdom he grew,
Learning each day a little that's new,
Till at last the world, in amazement, cries
"How great is the man,—how wondrous wise."
—*Anon.*

140. How few are clearly, vividly impressed with the great truth, that each, in his own sphere, should live for mankind, as Christ did, for the redemption, instruction, and exaltation of the race, and that the power to do this, in his proper sphere, abides equally with the humblest as the highest.—*H. Greeley.*

141. The butterfly, an idle thing,
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
As do the bee and bird;
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for times of want,
A wise and cautious hoard.—*Anon.*

142. True politeness is the spirit of benevolence showing itself in a refined way. It is the expression of good-will and kindness. It promotes both beauty in the man who possesses it, and happiness in those who are about him. It is a religious duty, and should be a part of religious training.—*H. W. Beecher.*

143. Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.—*Milton.*

144. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy. He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarcely overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—*Franklin.*

145. Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence!

—*Hannah More.*

146. A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. —*Pope.*

147. Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

—*Longfellow.*

148. The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him and to imitate him.—*Milton.*

149. How dreary would the garden be,
With all its flowery trees,
Suppose there were no butterflies,
And suppose there were no bees.
—*Alice Carey.*

150. Gentleness, which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart,—and nothing, except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing.—*Anon.*

151. When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,—
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day my strength shall be."
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

152. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being behind time.—*F. Hunt.*

153. Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.—*Longfellow.*

154. Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some respect, whether he chooses to be so or not.—*Hawthorne.*

155. We must chain our passions down,
Well to serve, but ill to sway,
Like the fire, they must obey.
They are good, in subject state,
To strengthen, warm, and animate;
But if once we let them reign,
They sweep with desolating train,
Till they but leave a hated name,
A ruined soul and blackened fame.—*Eliza Cook.*

156. Make no man your idol! For the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours, in addition to your own. This is as true in art as in morals.—*Washington Allston.*

157. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.—*Cowper.*

158. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.— *Washington.*

159. High hopes, that burned like stars sublime,
Go down i' the Heavens of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em!
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.— *G. Massey.*

160. He is worthy of honor who willeth the good of every man; and he is much unworthy thereof, who seeketh his own profit, and oppresseth others.— *Cicero.*

161. In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.—*Longfellow.*

162. As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers, and the sharpest thorns;—as the heavens are sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene,—so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleas ures and with pains.—*Burton.*

163. The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.—*Campbell.*

164. A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always thinking. It is thought and digestion which make books serviceable, and give health and vigor to the mind.—*Collier.*

165. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.
—*Longfellow.*

166. Simplicity and purity are the two wings by which a man is lifted above all earthly things. Simplicity is in the intention,—purity in the affection. Simplicity tends to God,—purity apprehends and tastes Him.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

167. When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
—*Sir Robert Grant.*

168. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions,—the dear purchase of our fathers,—are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust.

—*D. Webster.*

169. Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

—*Cowper.*

170. Good books are to the young mind what the warming sun and the refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant in the frosts of winter. They are more, for they may save from that which is worse than death, as well as bless with that which is better than life.—*Horace Mann.*

171. We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

—*Alice Carey*

172. He is worthy of honor who willeth the good of every man; and he is unworthy thereof who seeketh his own profit, and oppresseth others.

—*Cicero.*

173. Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
—*Dr. Young.*

174. Charity, like the sun, brightens every object on which it shines, but a censorious spirit casts every character into the darkest shade it will bear.—*Anon.*

175. Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
—*Congreve.*

176. The Sabbath is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week.—*Longfellow.*

177. O, 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in Wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.
But liars we can never trust, [true;
Although they speak the thing that's
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.—*Dr. Watts.*

178. The excesses of youth are drafts upon old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date. —*Colton.*

179. A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care,
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled a thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.—*C. Mackay.*

180. The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated.—*Locke.*

181. 'Tis not in titles nor in rank,
'Tis not in wealth like London bank,
To make us truly blest.
If happiness have not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.—*Anon.*

182. A smooth sea can never make a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, rouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.—*Anon.*

183. A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the infant plant
Has warped the giant oak for ever.—*Anon.*

184. Knowledge cannot be stolen from us. It cannot be bought or sold. We may be poor, and the sheriff may come and sell our furniture, or drive away our cow, or take our pet lamb, and leave us homeless and penniless; but he cannot lay the law's hand upon the jewelry of our minds.—*E. Burritt.*

185. The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

—*Addison.*

186. Foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties.—*Addison.*

187. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep [ing;
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breath-
Therefore, on every morning let's be wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth.—*Keats.*

188. The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious, and upright people. The busy click of machinery, the merry ring of the anvil, the lowing of peaceful herds, and the song of the harvest home, are sweeter music than pæans of departed glory, or songs of triumph in war.

—*Whipple.*

189. What the painters call pure colors are preferable to mixed ones, for reasons which Nature herself has given when she painted the sky of one color, and the fields of another, and divided the rainbow itself into a few distinct colors, and made the red rose the queen of flowers.—*Leigh Hunt.*

190. He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend, must have a very long head, or a very short creed.—*Colton.*

191. O, list to the moments! though little they seem,
They are bearing your bark on a swift, silent stream;
And onward, still onward, you glide from the shore,
To that vast, boundless ocean where time is no more.
Take heed to the moments; for with them they bear
Of gems the most precious, and diamonds rare.
Take care of the moments; for life's but a span;
Then carefully hoard them, O vain, dreaming man!
—*J. L. Eggleston.*

192. In Heaven will be found peace without molestation, plenty without want, health without sickness, day without night, pleasure without pain, and life without the least mixture, or dread of death.—*Moir.*

193. The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
—*Talfourd.*

194. In getting rich in the things which perish with the using men have often obeyed to the letter the first commandment of selfishness: "Keep what you get and get what you can." In filling your minds with the wealth of knowledge, you must reverse this rule and obey this law: "Keep what you give and give what you can."—*E. Burritt.*

195. Don't kill the birds, the little birds
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come
And chilling winds are o'er.—*Anon.*

196. As a little silvery circular ripple set in motion by a falling pebble, expands from its inch of radius, further and further on the pool; so there is not a child, a youth, a feeble, humble christian who may not cause a gentle wave on the pool of life, and exercise some influence, however small, upon the world. —*Anon.*

197. I think there are some maxims
Under the sun,
Scarce worth perservation;
But here, boys, is one,
So sound and so simple,
'Tis worth while to know;
All in a single line,—
Hoe your own row.—Alice Carey.

198. Every young man is now a sower of seed on the field of life. The bright days of youth are the seed-time. Every thought of your intellect, every emotion of your heart, every word of your tongue, every principle you adopt, every act you perform, is a seed, whose good or evil fruit will prove the bliss or bane of your after life.—*Wise.*

199. If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

—*Mrs. Gates.*

200. Profaneness is a low, groveling vice. He who indulges it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society,—I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts,—despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.—*E. H. Chapin.*

201. It is as important that we should have good books as that we should keep good company, as the one will make the other.—*Anon.*

202. From the stars of heaven and flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power and the voice of mirth,
From the mist of the morn on the mountain's brow,
From childhood's song and affection's vow,
From all save that o'er which soul bears sway,
There breathes but one record,—"Passing away."
—*Miss Jewsbury.*

203. There are two little armies
On the world's great battle-field;
Though unnoted oft by mortals,
To the eye of God revealed.
Though we hear no shouts of triumph,
Though we see no fearful fray,
Those little armies battle
For the Right or Wrong, each day;
The Right or Wrong each day.
—*Mary F. Beavers.*

204. The first and great object of education is to discipline the mind. Make it the first object to be able to fix and hold your attention upon your studies. He who can do this, has mastered many and great difficulties; and he who cannot do it, will in vain look for success in any department of study.—*J. Todd.*

205. I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!—*Patrick Henry.*

206. Do not, friend, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.—*Mrs. Gates.*

207. If we look only to material prosperity, to physical welfare, nothing is now more certain than that they are most powerfully promoted by everything which multiplies and diffuses the means of education. We live in an age in which cultivated mind is becoming, more and more, the controlling influence of affairs.—*Everett.*

208. The smallest bark on Life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar,
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake [wake.
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our
—*Mrs. Bolton.*

209. The contemplation of beauty, in nature, in art, in literature, in human character, diffuses through our being a soothing and subtle joy, by which the heart's anxious and aching cares are softly smiled away.—*E. P. Whipple.*

210. Despise not little sins; for mountains big may stand
The piled heap made up of smallest grains of sand.
Despise not little sins; the gallant ship may sink,
Though only drop by drop the watery tide it drink.
—*R. C. Trench.*

211. Gird yourself for the work of self-cultivation. Set a high price on your leisure moments. They are sands of precious gold. Properly expended, they will procure for you a stock of great thoughts,—thoughts that will fill, stir, and invigorate, and expand the soul.—*D. Wise.*

212. The moments are little and unseen things;
Light forms they have, and unseen wings;
They glide o'er our heads with the morning's beam,
And slip from our grasp with the day's last gleam;
They tick in our ears with the staid old clock;
They stand at our hearts and there wantonly knock;
They bid us not loiter, if Fame we would win;
They knock, and entreat us to gather them in.
—*J. L. Eggleston.*

213. A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—*Dr. S. Johnson.*

214. Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.
—*Park Benjamin.*

215. The elevation of the mind ought to be the principal end of all our studies; which, if they do not in some measure effect, they will prove of very little service to us.—*Burke.*

216. The flowers below, the stars above,
In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven.
Thus Nature's volume, read aright,
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,
Tinging life's clouds with rosy light,
And all the world with poesy.
—*Geo. P. Morris.*

217. The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enamelling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.
—*Geo. Bancroft.*

218. Happy the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
—*Cowper.*

219. Jails and state prisons are the complement of schools; so many less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the former.—*Horace Mann.*

220. Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life,
Some lesson that I must learn;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.—*Anon.*

221. The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.
—*Longfellow.*

222. Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us.—*Humboldt.*

223. The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.—*Sterling.*

224. Dare to be true,—nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
—*Herbert.*

225. As the countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a God.—*Jacobi.*

226. The firefly only shines when on the wing;
So is it with the mind; when once we rest,
We darken.—*Festus.*

227. 'Tis a kind of good deed to say well;
And yet words are not deeds.—*Shaks.*

228. Evil, like a rolling stone upon a mountain top,
A child may first set off, a giant cannot stop.
—*Trench.*

229. In youth the habit of system, method, and industry, is as easily formed as others; and the benefits and enjoyments which result from it, are more than the wealth and honors which they always secure.—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

230. Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year: you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—*Chalmers.*

231. We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God
Who tinged the clouds with gold.
—*W. Scott.*

232. He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who after performing what none in ten thousand can accomplish, passes on like Samson, and tells neither father nor mother about it.—*Lavater.*

233. There are times when a heaviness comes over the heart and we feel as if there was no hope. Who has not felt it? For this there is no cure but work. Plunge into it, put all your energies into motion, rouse up the inner man,—*act*, and this heaviness shall disappear as mist before the morning sun.
—*Cassius M. Clay.*

234. Sad are the sorrows that oftentimes come,
Heavy and dull, and blighting and chill,
Shutting the light from our heart and our home,
Marring our hopes and defying our will;
But let us not sink beneath the woe;
'Tis well, perchance, we are tried and bowed,
For be sure, though we may not oft see it below,
There's a silver lining to every cloud.
—*Eliza Cook.*

235. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke.*

236. The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into the still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.—*John Keble.*

237. Be not censorious, for thou knowest not whom thou judgest; it is a more dexterous error to speak well of an evil man, than ill of a good man.
—*Quarles.*

238. Ne'er be hasty in your judgment,
Never foremost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend!
Of two reasons for an action
Choose the better, not the worse;
Never let the meaner motive
Be the one you urge the first;
But be gentle with misfortune,
Never foremost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend.

—*Swain.*

239. The universe is a mighty tree; and the great truth for us to connect with the majestic science of these days, and to keep vivid by a religious imagination, is, that from the roots of its mystery to the silver-leaved boughs of the firmanent, it is continually filled with God, and yet unconsumed.

—*T. Starr King.*

240. Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.—*Herbert.*

241. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

—*Shakespeare.*

242. Man conquers the sea and its storms. He climbs the heavens, and searches out the mysteries of the stars. He harnesses the lightning. He bids the rocks dissolve, and summons the secret atoms to give up their names and laws. He subdues the face of the world, and compels the forces of the waters, and the fires, to be his servants.—*H. Bushnell.*

243. So from the heights of will,
Life's parting stream descends,
And as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends.
From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea!

—*O. W. Holmes*

244. A taste for reading will always take us into the best possible company, and enable us to converse with men who will instruct us by their wisdom, and charm us by their wit; who will soothe us when fretted, refresh us when weary, counsel us when perplexed, and sympathize with us at all times.

—*Geo. S. Hillard.*

245. How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Shakespeare.

246 Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.—*Longfellow.*

247. There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone there is perpetual despair.—*Carlyle.*

248. So will I gather strength and hope anew,
For I do know God's patient love perceives
Not what we did, but what we tried to do;
And though the ripened ears be sadly few,
He will accept our sheaves.—*Deidré.*

249. Expediency is what is prompted by benevolence, approved by wisdom and not opposed by justice.—*B. Sears.*

250. The aim of all intellectual training for the mass of the people should be to cultivate common-sense.—*J. Stuart Mill.*

251. Amid all life's quests
There seems but worthy one—to do men good.
It matters not how *long* we live, but *how.*
For as the parts of one manhood, while here
We live in every age: we think and feel,
And feed upon the coming and the gone
As much as on the now time. Man is one:
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel,
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
Each other's rights and wrongs: thus are we men.—*P. J. Bailey.*

252. The bright days of youth are the seed-time of life. Every thought of the intellect, every motion of the heart, every word of the tongue, every principle adopted, every act performed, is a seed whose good or evil fruit will be the bliss or bane of after life.
—*D. Wise.*

253. Be good, my child, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand, sweet song.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

254. Eternity has no gray hairs! The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of Eternity.—*Heber.*

255. As prisoners in castles look out of their grated windows at the smiling landscape, where the sun comes and goes,—so we from this life, as from dungeon bars, look forth to the heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.—*H. W. Beecher.*

256. When faith and hope fail, as they do sometimes, we must trust charity, which is love in action. We must speculate no more on our duty, but simply do it. When we have done it, however blindly, perhaps heaven will show us the reason why.—*Mrs. Craik.*

257. There will come a weary day
When, overtaxed at length,
Both hope and love beneath
The weight give way:
Then with a statue's smile,
A statue's strength,
Patience, nothing loth,
And uncomplaining, does
The work of both.—*Coleridge.*

258. Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valor!
I never thought an angry person valiant;
Virtue is never aided by a vice;
And 'tis an odious kind of remedy
To owe our health to a disease.

—*Ben. Jonson.*

259. All that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is beneficent, be it great or small, be it perfect or fragmentary, natural as well as supernatural, moral as well as material, comes from God.
—*Newman.*

260. There's not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
True love to us, and love undying.
—*G. Griffin.*

261. Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought, or action, moves
The dark world nearer to the Sun.

Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness; truth itself is strong;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.—*Whittier*

262 The idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit, as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.—*Irving.*

263. There is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure.—*John Ruskin.*

264. All that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of Thee!
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround our way.
The fearful storms that sweep the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from Thy awful throne.
Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the winged hour,
All we enjoy and all we love,
Bring lessons with them from above.—***Bryant.***

265. Man is as much made for education as the earth is for cultivation.—*B. Sears.*

266. American nationality has made the desert to bud and blossom as the rose; it has quickened to life the giant brood of useful arts; it has whitened lake and ocean with the sails of a daring and lawful trade; it has extended to exiles, flying as clouds, the asylum of our better liberty.—*R. Choate.*

267. The grand almighty Builder,
Who fashioned out the earth,
Hath stamped His seal of honor
On Labor from her birth,
In every angel flower
That blossoms from the sod
Behold the master-touches,—
The handiwork of God.—*H. C. Preuss.*

268. I love in spring to search out the sunny slopes by a southern wall, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and where the frail anemone, or the faint blush of the arbute, in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere will touch the heart like a hope of heaven in a field of graves.
—*D. G. Mitchell.*

269. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
—*Gray*

MAXIMS AND PROVERBS.

The following maxims and proverbs should have a place in the memory of all. Teachers will do well to make them subjects for conversation and expansion occasionally.

1. A bad workman quarrels with his tools.
2. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
3. A burden which one chooses is not felt.
4. A clear conscience fears no accusation.
5. A contented mind is a continual feast.
6. A fault confessed is half redressed.
7. A fool and his money are soon parted.
8. A place for everything, and everything in its place.
9. A friend in need is a friend indeed.
10. A good word is as soon said as an ill one.
11. A drowning man will catch at a straw.
12. A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
13. A little leak will sink a great ship.
14. An honest man's word is as good as his bond.
15. A penny saved is a penny earned.
16. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
17. A stitch in time saves nine.
18. As you sow, so shall you reap.
19. A tree is known by its fruit.
20. A willing mind makes a light foot.
21. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.
22. Better to suffer without cause than to have cause for suffering.

23. Be more ready to forgive than to return an injury.
24. Be slow to promise and quick to perform.
25. Better late than never, but, better still, never late.
26. Better to be alone than in bad company.
27. Birds of a feather flock together.
28. Catch not at the shadow and lose the substance.
29. Cut your coat according to your cloth.
30. Deeds are fruit; words are but leaves.
31. Deep rivers move with silent majesty; shallow waters are noisy.
32. Defer not till evening what morning may and should accomplish.
33. Deliberate slowly, execute promptly.
34. Depend not on fortune, but on conduct.
35. Deride not any man's infirmities, nor triumph over his misfortunes.
36. Diligence is the mistress of success.
37. Evil communications corrupt good manners.
38. Every man is the architect of his own fortune.
39. Everybody's business is nobody's business.
40. Example teaches more than precept.
41. Honesty is the best policy.
42. He that would reap well must sow well.
43. Handsome is that handsome does.
44. He who aims to do right has God on his side.
45. It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than boast of our merits.
46. Idleness is the parent of many vices.
47. If we subdue not our passions, they will subdue us.
48. It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.
49. It is better to do well than to say well.
50. It is never too late to learn.
51. Kind words cost nothing but are worth much.
52. Make hay while the sun shines.

53. Manners often make fortunes.
54. Necessity is the mother of invention.
55. Never put off till to-morrow what you can and ought to do to-day.
56. Never trouble another to do for you what you can do for yourself.
57. Order is Heaven's first law.
58. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.
59. Procrastination is the thief of time.
60. Quarrels are easily begun, but with difficulty ended.
61. Resist temptation till you conquer it.
62. Rule the appetite and temper the tongue.
63. Short reckonings make long friends.
64. Speak well of your friends, of your enemies say nothing.
65. Strike while the iron is hot.
66. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.
67. The way to be truly honored is to be truly good.
68. The injustice we have most to fear is from ourselves.
69. The path of virtue is the path of peace.
70. The memory should be a store-house, not a lumber-room.
71. To see what is right and not do it, shows a want of culture.
72. To err is human, to forgive divine.
73. Valor without discretion is worth but little.
74. Where the will is ready, the feet are light.
75. Where there is a will there is a way.
76. Write injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble.
77. Zeal without knowledge is like fire without light.

RULES.

The following rules were written, for his own guidance, by George Washington, when fourteen years of age. They are worthy of the special attention of youth.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, in what terms to do it; and in reproving, show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse, nor revile.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

In your apparel, be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.

Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant: nor things hard to be believed.

Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death, and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friend.

Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good-humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

Set not yourself at the upper end of the table; but if it be your due, or that the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you should trouble the company.

Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

—*Sparks's Writings of Washington.*

AUTHORS.

Pupils should be expected to search for facts and incidents relating to the authors. For this purpose they should have access to cyclopedias and biographical dictionaries. We merely give the country in which the several authors were born, with year of birth and death, so far as known. The abbreviations are: A., America; E., England; F., France; G., Germany; Ga., Guiana; I., Ireland; It., Italy; Sc., Scotland; Sw., Switzerland.

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Adams, Sarah F.,	13	E.,		1848
Addison, Jos.,	21, 42, 43	E.,	1672	1719
Allston, W.,	36	A.,	1779	1843
Bacon, Francis,	8, 21	E.,	1561	1626
Bailey, P. J.,	58	E.,	1816	
Bancroft, G.,	51	A.,	1800	
Beavers, Mary F.,	47	A.,		
Beecher, H. W.,	33, 59	A.,	1813	
Benjamin, P.,	15, 50	Ga.,	1809	1864
Bolton, Sarah T.,	48	A.,	1820	
Bonar, H.,	11, 23, 26	Sc.,	1808	
Brown, J.,	7	E.,	1715	1766
Bryant, W. C.,	5, 20, 24, 61	A.,	1794	1878
Burke, Ed.,	50	I.,	1728	1797
Burton, W. E.,	37	E.,	1804	1860
Burritt, Elihu,	8, 42, 45	A.,	1811	
Bushnell, H.,	56	A.,	1802	1877
Campbell, Thos.	38	Sc.,	1777	1844
Cary, Alice,	9, 17, 35, 39, 45	A.,	1820	1871
Carlyle, Thos.,	57	E.,	1795	
Chalmers, Thos.,	53	Sc.,	1780	1847
Channing, W. E.	10	A.,	1780	1842
Chapin, E. H.	6, 46	A.,	1814	
Choate, R.,	62	A.,	1799	1859
Cicero, M. T.,	37, 39	It.,	B. C. 106	B. C. 43
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Coleridge, S. T.,	23, 59	E.,	1772	1834
Collier, J. A.,	38	A.,	1828	1864

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Cook, Eliza,	17, 30, 36, 54	E.,	1817	
Cousin, V.,	30	F.,	1792	1867
Cowper, Wm.,	25, 31, 36, 39, 51	E.,	1731	1800
Craik, Dinah M.	59	E.,	1806	
Cudworth, R.,	11	E.,	1617	1688
Curry, Daniel,	18	A.,	1809	
Damiani, P.,	27	It.,	1000	1072
Deidré,	57	F.,		
Davy, Sir H.,	9	E.,	1778	1829
Dickens, C.,	32	E.,	1812	1870
Dryden, Jos.,	21	E.,	1631	1700
Everett, E.,	7, 48	A.,	1794	1865
Eggleston, J. L.,	44, 49	A.,		
Faber, F. W.,	16	E.,	1815	1863
Fagan, J.,	17			
Feltham, O.,	31	E.,	1608	1678
Festus,	52			
Fields, J. T.,	26	A.,	1820	
Franklin, B.,	12, 15, 34	A.,	1706	1790
Gates, Mrs.,	46, 48	A.,		
Good, J. M.,	6	E.,	1764	1827
Grant, Sir R.,	38	Sc.,	1814	
Gray, Thos.,	62	E.,	1716	1771
Greeley, H.,	33	A.,	1811	1872
Griffin, Gerald,	60	I.,	1803	1840
Grynæus, S.,	22	G.,	1493	1541
Hale, Sarah J.,	14	A.,	1795	
Hawthorne, N.,	36	A.,	1804	1864
Heber, R.,	58	E.,	1783	1826
Hemans, Mrs.,	21	E.,	1794	1835
Henry, P.,	47	A.,	1736	1799
Herbert, G.,	52, 55	E.,	1593	1632
Hillard, G. S.,	56	A.,	1808	
Holland, J. G.,	6, 7	A.,	1819	
Holmes, O. W.,	25, 26, 56	A.,	1809	
Howitt, Mary,	30	E.,	1804	
Humboldt, Baron,	52	G.,	1767	1835
Hunt, F.,	35	A.,	1804	1858
Hunt, Leigh,	43	E.,	1784	1859
Irving, W.,	61	A.,	1783	1859
Jacobi, H. F.,	52	G.,	1743	1819
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Johnson, S.,	25, 50	E.,	1709	1784
Jonson, Ben.,	59	E.,	1574	1637

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Keats, J.,	43	E.,	1795	1821
Keble, J.,	54	E.,	1792	1866
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King, T. S.,	55	A.,	1824	1864
Kingsley, Chas.,	58	E.,	1814	
Kinney, Mrs. E. C.,	11	A.,		
Landor, W. S.,	12	E.,	1775	1864
Lavater, J. C.,	53	Sw.,	1741	1801
Leighton, R.,	11	E.,	1612	1684
Locke, John,	41, 54	E.,	1632	1704
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Lowell, J. R.,	11	A.,	1819	
Mackay, Chas.,	41	Sc.,	1812	
Mann, Horace,	29, 37, 39, 51	A.,	1796	1859
Massey, Gerald,	8	E.,	1828	
Mill, J. Stuart,	57	E.,	1806	1873
Milnes, R. M.,	10	E.,	1809	
Milton, J.,	27, 34, 35	E.,	1608	1674
Mitchell, D. G.,	62	A.,	1822	
Moir, David,	46	Sc.,	1798	1851
Montaigne, M. D.,	25	F.,	1533	1592
Montgomery, J.,	5, 13	Sc.,	1771	1854
More, Hannah,	34	E.,	1745	1833
Morris, G. P.,	20, 22, 28, 50	A.,	1802	1864
Newman, J. H.,	60	E.,	1801	
Newton, R.,	11	E.,	1675	1753
Opie, Amelia,	19	E.,	1769	1853
Penn, W.,	15, 23, 26, 27	E.,	1644	1718
Poor, Daniel,	28	A.,	1789	1855
Pope, A.,	9, 27, 34	E.,	1688	1744
Procter, Adelaide A.,	10, 27	E.,	1825	1864
Preuss, H. C.,	62	A.,		
Quarles, F.,	54	E.,	1592	1644
Quincy, Josiah,	6	A.,	1772	1864
Richter, J. P.,	12	G.,	1763	1825
Ruskin, J.,	61	E.,	1819	
Sadi (Saadi),	12, 16	P.,	1184	1291
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Scott, W.,	53	Sc.,	1771	1832
Sears, B.,	57, 61	A.,	1802	
Shakespeare, W., 6, 7, 25, 26, 30, 52, 55, 56		E.,	1564	1616
Sidney, P.,	5	E.,	1554	1586
Sigourney, L. H.,	18, 35	A.,	1791	1865

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Smart, Alex.,	22, 52	E.,		
Smith, H.,	16, 17	E.,	1780	1849
Sterling, J.,	15	E.,	1806	1844
Swain, C.,	55	E.,	1803	
Talfourd, T. N.,	8, 44	E.,	1795	1854
Taylor, J.,	25	E.,	1613	1667
Tennyson, A.,	18	E.,	1809	
Todd, J.,	47	A.,	1800	1874
Trench, R. C.,	49, 52	E.,	1807	
Trowbridge, J. T.,	52	A.,	1827	
Tupper, M. F.,	21	E.,	1810	
Washington, G.,	37, 39	A.,	1732	1799
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Watts, I.,	40	E.,	1674	1748
Webster, D.,	31, 39	A.,	1782	1852
Whipple, E. P.,	49	A.,	1819	
Whipple, Bishop,	43	A.,	1819	
Whittier, J. G.,	18, 25, 31, 60	A.,	1808	
Wise, D.,	46, 49, 58	E.,	1813	
Wordsworth, W.,	14, 19, 26	E.,	1770	1850
Young, E.,	20, 27, 32, 39, 40	E.,	1684	1765

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

PART II.

I. The Real Gentleman.*

The real gentleman should be gentle in everything, at least in everything that depends on himself, in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He ought, therefore, to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate, not hasty in judgment, not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive; for these things are contrary to gentlemen Many such gentlemen are to be found, I trust, and many more would be were the true meaning of the name borne in mind, and daily inculcated.

Julius C. Hare, England, 1795-1855.

II. Fame.

If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety for fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy

* This and the three following pages were inserted to fill a space made by uniting the two parts.

men and unsuccessful! because their purpose is, not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the "trick and fantasy of fame;" and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1857–1882.

III. Manhood.

I have not so far left the coast of youth to travel inland, but that I can very well remember the state of young manhood, from an experience in it of some years, and there is nothing to me in this world so inspiring as the possibilities that lie locked up in the head and breast of a young man. The hopes that lie before him, the great inspirations above him, all these things, with the untried pathway of life opening up its difficulties and dangers, inspire to courage, and force, and work.

James A. Garfield, Ohio, 1831–1881.

IV. Courage.

Do not let mistakes and wrong directions — of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many — discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a

man try faithfully, manfully to be right, and he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling, a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement; it is emblematic of all things a man does.

Thomas Carlyle, Scotland, 1795-1881.

V. True Greatness.

The highest greatness, — surviving time and stone, — is that which proceeds from the soul of man. Monarchs and cabinets, generals and admirals, with the pomp of courts and circumstance of war, in the lapse of time disappear from sight; but the pioneers of truth, though poor and lowly, especially those whose example elevates human nature and teaches the rights of man, so that a "government of the people, by the people, for the people, may not perish from the earth," — such harbingers can never be forgotten, and their renown spreads co-extensive with the cause they served so well.

Charles Sumner, Mass., 1811-1864.

VI. Perseverance.

All that I have accomplished, or expect, or hope to accomplish, has been, and will be, by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap, particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact.

Elihu Burritt, Conn., 1811-1879.

VII. Thinking.

The elevation of man is to be sought, or rather consists in, force of thought exerted for the acquisition of truth. Thought is the fundamental distinction of mind, and the great work of life. All that a man does outwardly is but the expression and completion of his inward thought. To work effectually, he must think clearly; to act nobly, he must think nobly. Intellectual force is a principal element of the soul's life, and should be proposed by every man as the principal end of his being.

W. E. Channing, R. I., 1780-1842.

VIII. Manners.

Manners are of more importance than laws. In a great measure laws depend on them. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give their whole color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

Burke.

IX. Kind Words.

Always say a kind word if you can, if only it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room, like a beautiful firefly, whose happy circumvolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting thereby his many troubles.

Arthur Helps, Eng., 1818 —.

X. True Living.

There is nothing more certain than death, — nothing more uncertain than the time of dying. It may come at any time, and must come at one time or another. I shall not hasten my death by being still ready, but sweeten it. It makes me not die the sooner, but the better.

Warwick.

1. Well-Doing.

There is no virtue without a characteristic beauty to render it particularly loved of the good, and to make the bad ashamed of their neglect of it. To do what is right, argues superior taste as well as morals; and those whose practice is evil have a certain feeling of inferiority in intellectual power and enjoyment, even where they take no concern for a principle. Doing well has something more in it than the mere fulfilling of a duty. It is a cause of a just sense of elevation of character; it clears and strengthens the spirits; it gives higher reaches of thought; it widens our benevolence, and makes the current of our peculiar affections strong and deep.

R. H. Dana, Mass., 1787—.

2. Education.

The aim of education is to show our youth the broad line of demarcation between the value of those

things which can be owned by but one, and those which can be owned and enjoyed by all. If I own a ship, a house, a farm, or a mass of the metals called precious, my right to them is, in its nature, sole and exclusive. No other man has a right to trade with my ship, to occupy my house, to gather my harvests, or appropriate my treasures to his use. They are mine, and are incapable both of a sole and of a joint possession. But not so of the treasures of knowledge, which it is the duty of education to diffuse. The same truth may enrich and ennoble all intelligences at once. Infinite diffusion subtracts nothing from depth. None are poorer because others are made rich. In this part of the Divine economy, the privilege of primogeniture attaches to all, and every son and daughter of Adam is an heir to an infinite patrimony.

H. Mann, Mass., 1796-1859.

3. Books.

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to our longing with full instruction, but pursues us never. It is not offended at our absent-mindedness, nor jealous if we turn to other pleasures, of leaf, or dress, or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And, yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself, and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body and its

soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit. And while some books, like steps, are left behind us by the very help which they yield us, and serve only our childhood or early life, some others go with us, in mute fidelity, to the end of life, a recreation for fatigue, an instruction for our sober hours, and solace for our sickness or sorrow. Except the great out-doors, nothing that has so much life of its own gives so much life to us.

H. W. Beecher, Conn., 1813—.

4. Work.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow, with its clear, flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force,—the sacred, celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins.

Thos. Carlyle, Scotland, 1795—.

5. Reflection.

Nothing has such a tendency to weaken, not only the power of invention, but the intellectual powers in general, as a habit of extensive and various reading without reflection. The activity and force of mind are gradually impaired in consequence of disease; and, not unfrequently, all our principles and opinions come to be lost in the infinite multiplicity and discordancy of our acquired ideas.

Dugald Stewart, Scotland, 1753-1828.

6. Knowledge.

It is noble to seek Truth, and it is beautiful to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and sacredly true. To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in ages that are past; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvelous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own that the quickness of light, traveling from the world's creation, has never yet reached us; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the Old World; to go up, with great reasoners, to the First Cause of all, and to per-

ceive, in the midst of all this dissolution and decay and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting; it is worth while, in the days of our youth, to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it; to give up for it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and all times.

Sydney Smith, England, 1771-1845.

7. Life.

Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation there is never-ceasing motion, without rest by night or day, ever weaving to and fro. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle, it flies from birth to death, from death to birth; from the beginning seeks the end and finds it not; for the seeming end is only a dim beginning of a new out-going and endeavor after the end. As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer's sun breathes upon it, melts, and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun, so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it, and reflecting, an image of God's love.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

8. A Nation's Glory.

The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious, and upright people. The busy click of machinery, the merry ring of the anvil, the lowing of peaceful herds, and the song of the harvest-home, are sweeter music than the pæans of departed glory, or songs of triumph in war. The vine-clad cottage of the hillside, the cabin of the woodsman, and the rural home of the farmer, are the true citadels of any country. There is a dignity in honest toil which belongs not to the display of wealth, or the luxury of fashion. The man who drives the plow, or swings his axe in the forest, or with cunning fingers plies the tools of his craft, is as truly the servant of his country as the statesman in the senate, or the soldier in battle.

Bishop H. B. Whipple, New York, 1819—.

9. Knowledge and Gold.

We hear much, at present, of the veins of gold which are brought to light in almost every latitude of either hemisphere. But I care not what mines are opened in the North or in the South; in the mountains of Siberia or the Sierras of California; wheresoever the fountains of the golden tide may gush forth, the streams will flow to the regions where educated intellect has woven the boundless network of the useful and ornamental arts. It matters not if this new Pactolus flow through a region which stretches for fur-

longs,—a wide tract of solid gold,—the jewels and the ingots will find their way to the great centers of civilization, where cultivated mind gives birth to the arts, and freedom renders property secure.

Edw. Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

10. Truthfulness.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself,—for where there is no regard to truth there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind that he can scarcely tell truth or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass that, as other people cannot believe he speaks the truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

Sir Matthew Hale, England, 1609-1676.

11. God in Nature.

There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain bless Him; the insect sports in His beam; the bird sings Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens; the ocean declares His immensity. Man alone has said, "There

is no God!" Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year,—a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn,—a night bespangled with stars, and a night darkened by clouds,—meadows enameled with flowers,—forests hoary with snow,—fields gilded by the tints of autumn,—then alone will you have a just conception of the universe!

F. A. Chateaubriand, France, 1768-1848.

12. The Beautiful.

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. . . . The ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky,

they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

W. E. Channing, R. I., 1780-1842.

13. Resolution.

It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear dullness to maturity, and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some may be choked by the thorns and brambles of earthly adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birthplace all the beauties of vegetation.

W. Irving, New York, 1783-1859.

14. Labor.

Without labor what is there? Without it there were no world itself. Whatever we see or perceive, in heaven or on earth, is the product of labor. The sky above us, the ground beneath us, the air we breathe, the sun, the moon, the stars,—what are they? The product of labor. They are the labors

of the Omnipotent, and all our labors are but a continuance of His. Our work is a divine work. We carry on what God began. What a glorious spectacle is that of the labor of man upon the earth! It includes everything in it that is glorious. Look around and tell me what you see, that is worth seeing, that is not the work of your hands and the hands of your fellows,—the multitude of all ages.

Wm. Howitt, England, 1795—.

15 Universal Education.

Education must bring the practice as nearly as possible to the theory. As the children now are, so will the sovereigns soon be. How can we expect the fabric of the government to stand if vicious materials are daily wrought into its framework? Education must prepare our citizens to become municipal officers, intelligent jurors, honest witnesses, legislators, or competent judges of legislation,—in fine, to fill all the manifold relations of life. For this end it must be universal. The whole land must be watered with the streams of knowledge. It is not enough to have, here and there, a beautiful fountain playing in palace gardens; but let it come like the abundant fatness of the clouds upon the thirsting earth.

H. Mann, Mass., 1796-1859.

16. Goodness of God in Creation.

Were all the interesting diversities of color and form to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome would be the aspect of the world! The pleasure conveyed to us by the endless variety with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they constitute in the whole mass of our enjoyment. But were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery to the midst of an Arabian desert—a boundless expanse of sand, a waste, spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered by the beauty of no verdure; although he might live in a palace, and riot in splendor and luxury, he would find life a dull, wearisome, melancholy round of existence; and, amid all his gratifications, he would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooks and rivers, the living luster of the spring, and the rich glories of the autumn. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind, than we, perhaps, even think or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. The beauty and splendor of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor what we commonly intend

as their usefulness. It is therefore to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and, in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness, peculiarly affecting.

Timothy Dwight, Mass., 1752-1817.

17. The Sun.

For all the kindreds and tribes and tongues of men—each upon their own meridian—from the Arctic Pole to the Equator, from the Equator to the Antarctic Pole, the eternal Sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations, far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight; twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp; twelve amid the flaming wonders of Orion's belt if he crosses the meridian at that fatal hour; twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity; twelve in the star-paved courts of the Empyrean; twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires; twelve for the comet, whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.

Edward Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

18. The Sea.

God has given the land to man, but the sea He has reserved to Himself. "The sea is His; and He made it." He has given man "no inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on." If he enters its domain, he enters it as a pilgrim and stranger. He may pass over it; but he can have no abiding place upon it. He cannot build his house, nor so much as pitch his tent, within it. He cannot mark it with his lines, nor subdue it to his uses, nor rear his monuments upon it. It steadfastly refuses to own him as its lord and master. It is not afraid of him, as is the land. Its depths do not tremble at his coming. Its waters do not flee when he appeareth. When it hears of him, then it laughs him to scorn.

Leonard Swain, New England, — —.

19. Our Destiny.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are for ever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And,

finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are represented to our view, and then taken from us; leaving the ten thousand streams of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? Surely we are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades,—where the stars will spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence for ever.

Sir Lytton Bulwer, England, 1805-1873.

20. The Solar System.

If we look out upon the starry heavens by which we are surrounded, we find them diversified in every possible way. Our own mighty Stellar System takes upon itself the form of a flat disc, which may be compared to a mighty ring, breaking into two distinct branches, severed from each other, the interior with stars less densely populous than upon the exterior. But take the telescope and go beyond this, and here you find, coming out from the depths of space, universes of every possible shape and fashion; some of them assuming a globular form, and when we apply the highest possible penetrating power of the telescope, breaking into ten thousand brilliant stars, all crushed and condensed into one luminous, bright, and magnificent center.

O. M. Mitchell, Kentucky, 1810-1862.

21. Man.

Every want, not of a low kind, physical as well as moral, which the human breast feels, and which brutes do not feel, and cannot feel, raises man by so much in the scale of existence, and is a clear proof, and a direct instance, of the favor of God toward His so much favored human offspring. If man had been so made as to have desired nothing, he would have wanted almost everything worth possessing.

Daniel Webster, N. H., 1782-1852.

22. Swiftness of Life.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

Bishop R. Heber, England, 1783-1826.

23. The Present Moment.

A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable saying, and might be

very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well doing," from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with, in any sense; the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the moment is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still should have to set but one step at a time, and this process, continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Jane Taylor, England, 1783-1824.

24. Amusements.

It were unjust and ungrateful to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbid by its beneficent Author. They serve, on the contrary, important purposes in the economy of human life, and are destined to produce important effects, both upon our happiness and character. They are, in the first place, in the language of the Psalmist, "The wells of the desert;" the kind resting-places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may resume its strength and its hopes. It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued;

when the love of amusements degenerates into a passion; and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes an habitual desire.

A. Alison, England, 1792-1867.

25. True Support.

When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of Nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of Art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they,—we can look to the throne of God. Change and decay have never reached that. The waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken. The waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

F. W. P. Greenwood, Mass., 1797-1843.

26. A Swedish Night.

How beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand-in-hand, beneath

the starless sky of midnight! From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer; and four times to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants,—

"Ho! watchman, ho! twelve is the clock!
God keep our town from fire and brand,
And hostile hand! twelve is the clock!"

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

27. Female Fortitude.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and devotion to their character that, at times, it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising, in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

W. Irving, New York, 1783–1859.

28. War.

My first wish is to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth, and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing implements and exercising them for the destruction of mankind. Rather than quarrel about territory, let the poor, the needy, and oppressed of the earth, and those who want land, resort to the fertile plains of our western country, the second land of promise, and there dwell in peace, fulfilling the first and great commandment.

George Washington, Virginia, 1732-1799.

29. True Living.

Life is a bubble which any breath may dissolve; wealth or power a snowflake, melting momently into the treacherous deep across whose waves we are floated on to our unseen destiny; but to have lived so that one less orphan shall be called to choose between starvation and infamy, to have lived so that some eyes of those whom Fame shall never know are brightened, and others suffused at the name of the beloved one,—so that the few who knew him truly shall recognize him as a bright, warm, cheering presence, which was here for a season and left the world no worse for his stay in it,—this, surely, is to have really lived,—and not wholly in vain.

Horace Greeley, New Hampshire, 1811-1872.

30. Books.

Precious and priceless are the blessings which books scatter around our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the noblest spirits through the most sublime and enchanting regions,—regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colors of earth,

> "Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

A motion of the hand brings all Arcadia to sight. The war of Troy can, at our bidding, rage in the narrowest chamber. Without stirring from our firesides, we may roam the remotest regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spencer's shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton's angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of Paradise.

E. P. Whipple, Mass., 1819.

31. The Love of Glory.

In the growth of the individual the intellect advances before the moral powers; for it is necessary to know what is right before we can practice it; and this same order of progress is observed in the human family. Moral excellence is the bright, consummate flower of all progress. It is often the peculiar product of age. And it is there, among other triumphs of virtue, that Duty assumes her commanding place, while personal ambition is abased. Burke, in that marvelous passage of elegiac beauty, where he mourns

his only son, says, "Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself if, in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called Fame and Honor in the world." And Channing, with a sentiment most unlike the ancient Roman orator, declares that he sees "Nothing worth living for but the divine virtue which endures and surrenders all things for truth, duty, and mankind." Such an insensibility to worldly objects, and such an elevation of spirit, may not be expected at once from all men,—certainly not without something of the trials of Burke or the soul of Channing. But it is within the power of all to strive after that virtue which it may be difficult to reach; and just in proportion as duty becomes the guide and the aim of life shall we learn to close the soul against the allurements of praise and the asperities of censure, while we find satisfactions and compensations such as men cannot give or take away. The world, with ignorant or intolerant judgment, may condemn, the countenance of companion may be averted; the heart of friend may grow cold; but the consciousness of duty done will be sweeter than the applause of the world, than the countenance of companion, or the heart of friend.

Chas. Sumner, Mass., 1811-1874.

32. Truth and Falsehood.

When we are as yet small children there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes

like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written, in letters of gold—TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters, L-I-E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood, and to hold fast the white, angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behavior, all insisting that Truth must *roll*, or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.

O. W. Holmes, Mass., 1809—.

33. The True Hero.

The true hero is the great, wise man of duty,—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God,—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

Horace Bushnell, Conn., 1802-1876.

34. Influence Lasting.

The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefits of their labors. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruit of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our

hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasures laid up in heaven. We are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the "spirits of just men made perfect."

Andrews Norton, Mass., 1786-1853.

35. Knowledge.

Without knowledge there can be no sure progress. Vice and barbarism are the inseparable companions of ignorance. Nor is it too much to say that, except in rare instances, the highest virtue is attained only through intelligence. This is natural; for to do right we must first understand what is right. But the people of Greece and Rome, even in the brilliant days of Pericles and Augustus, could not arrive at this knowledge. The sublime teachings of Plato and Socrates—calculated, in many respects, to promote the best interests of the race—were limited, in influence, to a small company of listeners, or to the few who could obtain a copy of the costly manuscripts in which they were preserved. Thus the knowledge and virtue acquired by individuals were not diffused in their own age, or secured to posterity.

Chas. Sumner, Mass., 1811-1874.

36. Charity.

The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look on the errors of others in sorrow, and not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart, that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; vicissitudes of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of a world that has little charity; the desolation of the mind's sanctuary; the threatening voices within it; health gone; happiness gone; even hope, that remains the longest, gone,—I would fain lay the erring soul of my fellow-man tenderly in His hand from whom it came.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

37. A Gentleman.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or toilet. Good clothes are not good habits. A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man—no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his tastes.

A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman deems every other better than himself.

Bishop Doane, New Jersey, 1799-1859.

38. Politeness.

In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The golden rule contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy, or a gentlemanly bow; but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is to their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent, kind-hearted person will always be distinguished for what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

Mrs. L. M. Child, Mass., 1802—.

39. Washington.

The character of Washington is among the most cherished contemplations of my life. It is a fixed star in the firmament of great names, shining without twinkling or obscuration, with clear, steady, beneficent

light. It is associated and blended with all our reflections on those things which are near and dear to us. If we think of the independence of our country, we think of him whose efforts were so prominent in achieving it; if we think of the Constitution which is over us, we think of him who did so much to establish it, and whose administration of its powers is acknowledged to be a model for his successors. If we think of glory in the field, of wisdom in the cabinet, of the purest patriotism, of the highest integrity, public and private, of morals without a stain, of religious feelings without intolerance, and without extravagance, the august figure of Washington presents itself as the personation of all these ideas.

Daniel Webster, New Hampshire, 1782-1852.

40. The Power of a Word.

On words, on quibbles, if you please to call distinctions so, rest the axes of the intellectual world. A winged word has stuck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their pulsation. On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. On a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness. It is because a word is unsusceptible of explanation, or because they who employed it were impatient of any, that enormous evils have prevailed, not only against our common sense, but against our common humanity.

W. S. Landor, England, 1775-1864.

41. Happiness in Memory.

Mankind are always better for having been once happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them so, twenty years hence, through the memory of it. Childhood, passed with a mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a coloring of calm pleasure, and, even in extreme old age, is the last remembrance that time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier through life for having once made an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time among a pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; and it is more probably the recollection of their past joys that contributes to render the aged so inattentive to the scenes passing around them, and carries them back to a world that is past, and scenes that can never be again restored.

Sydney Smith, England, 1771-1845.

42. The Diffusion of Knowledge.

Through an agency all unknown to Antiquity, knowledge of every kind has become general and permanent. It can no longer be confined to a select circle. It cannot be crushed by tyranny, or lost by neglect. It is immortal as the soul from which it proceeds. This alone renders all relapse into barbarism impossible,

while it affords an unquestionable distinction between ancient and modern times. The Press, watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus, strong with more than the hundred arms of Briareus, not only guards all the conquests of civilization, but leads the way to future triumphs. Through its untiring energies, the meditation of the closet, or the utterance of the human voice, which else would die away within the precincts of a narrow room, is prolonged to the most distant nations and times, with winged words circling the globe. We admire the genius of Demosthenes, Sophocles, Plato, and Phidias; but the printing-press is a higher gift to man than the eloquence, the drama, the philosophy and the art of Greece.

Charles Sumner, Mass., 1811-1874.

43. Books.

Science, art, literature, philosophy,—all that man has done,—the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations,—all have been garnered up for us in the world of books. There, among realities, in a "substantial world," we move with the crowned kings of thought. There our minds have a free range, our hearts a free utterance. Reason is confined within none of the partitions which trammel it in life. The hard granite of conventionalism melts away as a thin mist. We call things by their right names. Our lips give not the lie to our hearts. We bend the knee only to the great

and good. We despise only the despicable, we honor only the honorable. In that world no divinity hedges a king, no accident of rank or fashion ennobles a dunce or shields a knave.

E. P. Whipple, Mass., 1819—.

44. Erroneous Action.

It is pity that, commonly, more care is had, yea, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but do so in deed. For to the one they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns by year, and loth to offer to the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should; for He suffereth them to have a tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children; and, therefore, in the end, they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

R. Ascham, England, 1515-1568.

45. Intelligence.

Education, to accomplish the ends of good government, should be universally diffused. Open the doors of the school-house to all the children of the land. Let no man have the excuse of poverty for not educating his own offspring. Place the means of education within his reach, and if they remain in ignorance, be it his own reproach. If one object of the expenditure

of revenue be protection against crime, you could not devise a better or cheaper means of obtaining it. Other nations spend their money in providing means for its detection and punishment, but it is for the principles of our government to provide for its never occurring. The one acts by coercion, the other by prevention. On the diffusion of education among the people rest the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions.

D. Webster, New Hampshire, 1782–1852.

46. Nature.

Nature has a thousand ways and means of rising above herself, but incomparably the noblest manifestations of her capability of color are in the sunsets among the high clouds. I speak especially of the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose-color, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads, and flakes of vapor, which would in common daylight be pure snow-white, and which give, therefore, a fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude, and no check to the intensity of the hues assumed. The whole sky, from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind,—things which can only be conceived while

they are visible,—the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all,—showing here deep, and pure, and lightless,—there modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold.

J. Ruskin, England, 1819—.

47. The Skeptic.

Did the skeptic ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seed, and grains, and fruit have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstructions, and after week upon week, and month upon month, have swept, with sleet and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth, and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of nature's sepulchre,—when the sun at length begins t wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows,—did he ever behold the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth; and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest, and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter's hand,—buried, but to spring up again, clothed with a new, mysterious being;

then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distill from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk and vine and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind, arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree, each of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to the earth, compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold,—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature, the bread of a hungry world; here a tilled corn-field, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there an unplanted wilderness,—the great Father's farm,—where He "who hears the raven's cry" has cultivated, with His own hand, His merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds, for the humbler families of animated nature; the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky, the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life,—has he seen all this? Does he see it every year, and month, and day? Does he live, and move, and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder,—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fiber and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt? And does he still maintain that a mir-

acle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the august Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million of souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness.

E. Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

48. Success.

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfilling and accomplishing his task; that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it come at all it will not come because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effects of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—

49. Motive.

In some respects our mental education resembles the system pursued by some of the ancient islanders of the Mediterranean. In order to teach their chil

dren the use of the bow and the art of war, they suspended their breakfast every morning from the bough of a tree, and made them shoot for it, well knowing that their hunger would sharpen their aim as well as their appetites. So a benevolent Providence, in order to impose upon us a similar necessity and motive for mental activity, has hung, not only our food, but the gratification of every sense, as it were, upon a tall tree, and taught our ideas to shoot for it,—or, without the figure, to *think* for it.

Elihu Burritt, Conn., 1811—

50. Books.

Books,—light-houses erected in the great sea of Time,—books, the precious depositories of the thoughts and creations of genius,—books, by whose sorcery time past becomes time present, and the whole pageantry of the world's history moves in solemn procession before our eyes,—these were to visit the firesides of the humble, and lavish the treasures of the intellect upon the poor. Could we have Plato, and Shakespeare, and Milton in our dwellings, in the full vigor of their imaginations, in the full freshness of their hearts, few scholars would be affluent enough to afford them physical support; but the living images of their minds are within the eyes of all. From their pages their mighty souls look out upon us in all their grandeur and beauty, undimmed by the faults and follies of earthly existence, consecrated by time.

E. P. Whipple, Mass., 1819—.

51. The Gentle Charities of Life.

A man's usefulness depends far more on the kindness of his daily temper than on great and glorious deeds that shall attract the admiration of the world, and that shall send his name down to future times. It is the little rivulet that glides through the meadow, and that runs along day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the noisy cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and fills the mind with amazement and awe. We feel that God is there; and it is well to go far to see, once at least, how solemn it is to realize that we are in the presence of the Great God, and to see what wonders His hand can do. But one Niagara is enough for a continent, or a world; while that same world needs thousands and tens of thousands of silvery fountains, and gently flowing rivulets, that shall water every farm, and every meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night with their gentle and quiet beauty. So with life. We admire the great deeds of Howard's benevolence, and wish that all men were like him. We revere the names of the illustrious martyrs. We honor the man who will throw himself in the "imminent deadly breach," and save his country,—and such men and such deeds we must have when the occasion calls for them. But all men are not to be useful in this way, any more than waters are to rush by us in swelling and angry floods. We are to be useful in more limited spheres. We are

to cultivate the gentle charities of life. We are, by a consistent walk, to benefit those around us, though we be in an humble vale, and though, like the gentle rivulet, we may attract little attention, and may soon cease to be remembered on earth. Kindness will always do good. It makes others happy, and that is doing good. It prompts us to seek to benefit others, and that is doing good. It makes others gentle and benignant, and that is doing good.

Albert Barnes, New York, 1798-1870.

52. Our Creator.

We are commanded to remember "our Creator in the days of our youth." The days of our youth are the days of our blessings. In those days we enter into life with a shower of God's blessings upon our heads; we come adorned with all the choicest gifts of the Almighty: with strength of body, with activity of limb, with health and vigor of constitution, with everything to fit us both for labor and enjoyment. If not endowed with sufficiency, endowed with what is better,—the power of obtaining it for ourselves by an honest and manly industry; with senses keen and observing; with spirits high, lively, and untamable, that shake off care and sorrow whenever they attempt to fasten upon our mind, and that enable us to make pleasure for ourselves where we do not find it, and to draw enjoyment and gratification from things in which they see nothing but pain, vexation, and disappointment.

Chas. Wolfe, Ireland, 1791-1823.

53. True Value.

It is not labor that makes things valuable, but their being valuable that makes them worth laboring for. And God, having judged, in His wisdom, that it is not good for man to be idle, has so appointed things, by His providence, that few of the things that are most desirable can be obtained without labor. It is ordained that man should eat bread in the sweat of his face; and almost all the necessary comforts and luxuries of life are obtained only by labor.

R. Whately, England, 1787-1863.

54. Behind Time.

The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because for ever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "*behind time.*"

Freeman Hunt, Mass., 1804-1858.

55. Education.

Education is not confined to books alone. The world, with its thousand interests and occupations, is a great school. But the recorded experience and wisdom of others may be of the greatest aid and benefit to us. We can look about us to-day and see many who have brought the light of that intelligence which has been the guiding-star of others to bear upon their own paths, and, by its aid, have achieved an enviable position among men. Honor lies in doing *well* whatever we find to do; and the world estimates a man's abilities in accordance with his success in whatever business or profession he may engage.

J. T. Trowbridge, New York, 1827—.

56. The Land of Song.

Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing even under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But, after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theater of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

57. The Heavens Near Dawn.

It was a mild, serene, mid-summer night; the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, in her last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster, but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the South; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the North to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfigurations went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved in the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till, at length, as we

reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

Edward Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

58. The Best Books.

The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.

Theo. Parker, Mass., 1810-1860.

59. Character.

The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will; dignifying every station, and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, and secures all the honor without the jealousies of fame. It carries with it an influence which always tells,—for it is the result of proud honor, rectitude, and consistency,—qualities which, perhaps, more than any other, command the general confidence and respect of mankind

S. Smiles, England, 1816-

60. A True Life.

A true life must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandisement, is the natural result of the predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation. It is vice alone that seems unaccountable, monstrous, well-nigh miraculous.

Horace Greeley, New Hampshire, 1811-1872.

61. Washington.

While we commend the character and example of Washington to others, let us not forget to imitate it ourselves. The two great leading principles of his policy should be remembered and cherished. Those principles were,—first, the most complete, cordial, and indissoluble union of the States; and second, the most entire separation and disentanglement of our own country from all other countries. Perfect union among ourselves, perfect neutrality toward others, and peace, peace, domestic peace, and foreign peace as the result; this was the chosen and consummate policy of the Father of his country.

R. C. Winthrop, Mass., 1809—.

62. Genius.

It is nothing less than the possession of all the powers and impulses of humanity, in their greatest possible strength and most harmonious combination; and the genius of any particular man is great in proportion as he approaches this ideal of universal genius. Conceive of a mind in which the powers of Napoleon and Howard, Dante and Newton, Luther and Shakspeare, Kant and Fulton, were so combined as to act in perfect harmony; a mind vital in every part, conceiving everything with intensity, and yet conceiving everything under its due relations, as swift in its volitions as in its thoughts,—conceive of a mind like this, and you will have a definition of genius.

E. P. Whipple, Mass., 1819—.

63. Language.

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely imbedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning-flashes of genius, which, unless thus fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would also have been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning. Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow; and laden with this, their precious freight, they sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion.

R. C. Trench, England, 1807—.

64. Fortitude and Perseverance.

The great art of life, so far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perseverance. I have rarely seen that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of any profession, and did not omit to take fair and honorable opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life, young friends, is like a game at cards; our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems, at first glance, to depend on mere chance. But it is not so, for in the long run the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Therefore, do not be discouraged with the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourselves to receive fortune when she comes your way.

W. Scott, Scotland, 1771-1832.

65. The Beautiful Unappreciated.

Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation! how should I want to open their eyes, and to

help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice!

But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a divine Artist, and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression!

W. E. Channing, R. I., 1780-1842.

66. Eternity.

The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

Bishop Heber, England, 1783-1826.

67. The Present Hour.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

R. W. Emerson, Mass., 1803—.

68. Cheerfulness.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Jos. Addison, England, 1672-1719.

69. Family Courtesy.

Family intimacy should never make brothers and sisters forget to be polite and sympathizing to each other. Those who contract thoughtless and rude habits toward members of their own family will be rude and thoughtless to all the world. But let the family intercourse be true, tender, and affectionate, and the manners of all uniformly gentle and considerate, and the members of the family, thus trained, will carry into the world and society the habits of their childhood. They will require in their associates similar qualities; they will not be satisfied without mutual esteem and the cultivation of the best affections; and their own character will be sustained by that faith in goodness which belongs to a mind exercised in pure and high thoughts.

Silvio Pellico, Italy, 1789-1854.

70. Death.

When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he sets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.

Chas. Dickens, England, 1812-1870.

71. The True Man.

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

Thos. à Kempis, Germany, 1380-1471.

72. Submission.

If God send thee a cross, take it up willingly and follow Him. Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable. Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. If it be light, slight it not. If it be heavy, murmur not. After the cross is the crown.

F. Quarles, England, 1592-1644.

73. True Greatness.

It is by what we ourselves have done, and not what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is thought that has aroused intellect from its slumbers, which has given "luster to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed the soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that we hold communion with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

Francis Wayland, New York, 1796-1865.

74. The Humming Bird.

Where is the person who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we, at every step, discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in His admirable system of creation.

J. J. Audubon, Louisiana, 1780-1851.

75. A New England Summer.

Take the New England climate, in summer; you would think the world was coming to an end. Certain recent heresies on that subject may have had a natural origin there. Cold to-day; hot to-morrow; mercury at 80 degrees in the morning, with wind at southwest; and in three hours more a sea-turn, wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of forty degrees of Fahrenheit; now so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire; then floods, carrying off the bridges of the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth in July; and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island. One would think the world was twenty times coming to an end! But I don't know how it is; we go along; the early and the latter rain falls, each in its season; seed-time and harvest do not fail; the sixty days of hot, corn weather are pretty

sure to be measured out to us. The Indian Summer, with its bland southwest, and mitigated sunshine, brings all up; and on the 25th of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, millions of grateful people, in meeting-houses or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty, and happiness.

Rufus Choate, Mass., 1799–1869.

76. General Intelligence.

When the means of education everywhere throughout our country shall be as free as the air we breathe; when every family shall have its Bible; then, and not till then, shall we exert our proper influence on the cause of man; then, and not till then, shall we be prepared to stand forth between the oppressor and the oppressed, and say to the proud wave of domination: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

Francis Wayland, New York, 1796–1865.

77. The True Monument.

No arch nor column in courtly English, or courtlier Latin, sets forth the deeds and the worth of the Father of his country; he needs them not; the unwritten benediction of millions cover all the walls.* No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine.

Edw. Everett, Mass., 1794–1865.

* At Mt. Vernon.

78. Beauty.

Beauty is the mark God sets on virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic action is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.

R. W. Emerson, Mass., 1803—.

79. Benevolence.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure all around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.

W. Irving, New York, 1783-1859.

80. Aspirations.

Are there not times in every man's life when there flashes on him a feeling,—nay, more, an absolute convic tion,—that this soul is but a spark belonging to some upper fire; and that so much as we draw near by effort, by resolve, by intensity of endeavor, to that upper fire,—by so much we draw nearer to our home, and mate ourselves with angels? Is there not a ringing desire in many minds to seize hold of what floats above us in the universe of thought, and drag down what shreds we can, to scatter to the world? Is it not belonging to greatness, to catch lightning, from the plains where lightning lives, and curb it for the handling of men?

Donald G. Mitchell.

81. Greatness Promoted.

A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes, and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo, he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.

R. W. Emerson, Mass., 1803—.

82. Good Advice.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations. Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment or for the safety and benefit of others.

Sir Matthew Hale, England, 1609–1676.

83. Mount Washington.

I have been something of a traveler in our own country,—though far less than I could wish,—and in Europe have seen all that is most attractive, from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople,—from the summit of the Hartz Mountains to the Fountain of Vancluse,—but my eye is yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which is discovered from Mount Washington, when, on some clear, cool, summer's morning, at sunrise, the cloud-curtain is drawn up from nature's grand proscenium, and all that chaos of wildness and beauty starts into life,—the bare, gigantic tops of the surrounding heights: the precipitous gorges a thousand fathoms deep, which foot of man or ray of light never entered;—the somber-matted forest,—the moss-clad rocky wall weeping with crystal springs,—winding streams, gleaming lakes, and peaceful villages below,—and in the dim, misty distance, beyond the lower hills, faint glimpse of the sacred bosom of the eternal deep, ever heaving as with the consciousness of its own immensity,—all mingled in one indescribable panorama by the hand of the Divine Artist.

Edw. Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

84. How to be Remembered.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.

B. Franklin, Mass., 1706-1790.

85. True Living.

God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower on its stem, upon the rain-drops which swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light,—upon *all* hath he written, "*None of us liveth to himself.*"

John Todd, Vermont, 1800-1873.

86. Education.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

E. Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

87. Pride.

Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

B. Franklin, Mass., 1706-1790.

88. A Christian's Life.

A Christian man's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and, in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all the changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colors.

H. W. Beecher, Conn., 1813—.

89. Intemperance.

The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noonday, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from a parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous limbs, like a flowering tree, covered with green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the scathed and ruined shaft stood desolate and alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that, too, in the dust.

W. Irving, New York, 1783-1859.

90. Happiness.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror, transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

Washington Irving, New York, 1783-1859.

91. Christianity.

The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to the house of mourning, in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave.

T. B. Macaulay, England, 1800-1859.

92. Profaneness.

Profaneness is a low, groveling vice. He who indulges it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society,—I care not what clothes he wears or what culture he boasts,—despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.

E. H. Chapin, New York, 1814—.

93. Labor.

Labor hews down the gnarled oak, shapes the timber, builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor brings us India spices and American cotton; African ivory and Greenland oil; fruits from the sunny South, and furs from the frozen North; tea from the East, and sugar from the West; carrying, in exchange, to every land, the products of industry and skill. Labor, by the universally-spread ramifications of trade, distributes its own treasures from country to country, from city to city, from house to house, conveying to the doors of all the necessaries and luxuries of life; and, by the pulsations of an untrammeled commerce, maintaining healthy life in the great social system.

Newman Hall, England, 1816—.

94. A Kind Act.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every one remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village. With longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there

quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The owner came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by occupation, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, gave it to him. Neither giver nor receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now, at a distance from that home, after so many events and so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.

Douglas Jerrold, England, 1803-1857.

98. Rectitude.

Let it be proclaimed in every school that there are original, immutable, and indestructible maxims of moral rectitude,—great lights in the firmament of the soul,—which no circumstances can affect, no sophistry obliterate. That to this eternal standard every individual of the race is bound to conform, and that by it the conduct of every man shall be adjudged. Let it be proclaimed that dishonesty, fraud, and falsehood are as despicable and criminal in the most exalted stations as in the most obscure, in politics as in business. That the demagogue who tells a lie to gain a vote is as infamous as the peddler who tells one to gain a penny.

Newton Bateman, New Jersey, 1822—.

96. Charity.

The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enameling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.

Geo. Bancroft, Mass., 1800—.

97. Energy.

Nothing great or good can be accomplished without labor and toil. Motion is the law of living nature. Inaction is the symbol of death, if it is not death itself. The hugest engines, with strength and capacity sufficient to drive the mightiest ships across the stormy deep, are utterly useless without a moving power.

Energy is the steam-power, the motive principle of intellectual capacity. It is the propelling force; and as in physics momentum is resolvable into velocity and quantity of matter, so in metaphysics, the extent of human accomplishment may be resolvable into the degree of intellectual endowment and the energy with which it is directed. A small body driven by a great force will produce a result equal to, or even greater than, that of a much larger body moved by a considerably less force. So it is with minds. Hence we often see men of comparatively small capacity, by greater energy alone, leave, and justly leave, their superiors in natural gifts far behind them in the race for honors, distinction, and preferment.

Alexander H. Stephens, Georgia, 1812—.

98. June.

This is the year's bower. Sit down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy servants. The dews bring thee jewels. The winds bring perfume. The earth shows thee all her treasure. The forests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if all the angels of God had gone through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven. Speak to God now, and say, "O Father! where art thou?" and out of every flower, and tree, and silver pool, and twined thicket, a voice will come, "God is in me." The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here!" The sea claims Him. The land hath Him. His footsteps are upon the deep. He sitteth upon the circle of the earth. O sunny joys of the sunny month, yet soft and temperate, how soon will the eager months that come burning from the Equator scorch you!

H. W. Beecher, Conn., 1813—.

99. My Library.

In my garden I spend my days; in my library I spend my nights. My interests are divided between my geraniums and my books. With the flowers I am in the present; with the books I am in the past. I go into my library and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingered in it, while it

vibrated only to the world's first brood of nightingales, and to the laugh of Eve.

I see the pyramids building; I hear the shoutings of the armies of Alexander; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses. I sit as in a theater,—the stage is time, the play is the world. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp! what processions file past! what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors!

Alex. Smith, Scotland, 1830-1867.

100. True Reading.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee,—a king's garden none to the butterfly.

Lord Lytton, England, 1805-1873.

PART II.—POETRY.

1. The Voyage of Life.

Life is a sea,—as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
And Hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.
And *thou* must sail upon this sea, a long
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck.
The foolish *must.*

O! then be early wise!
Learn from the mariner his skillful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path
'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port,
Unerringly secure. O! learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thy sails from Passion's sudden blasts,—
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not,—in Heaven.

Henry Ware, Jr., Mass., 1794-1843.

2. Be Patient.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth!
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth,—
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth,—must underground be wrought;
But as sure as there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—go and watch the wheat-ears grow,
So imperceptibly that we can mark nor change nor throe,—
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown;
And then again day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest-fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening!—mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's harvest day.

R. C. Trench, England, 1807—.

3. Life.

The shortest life is longest, if 'tis best;
'Tis ours to work,—to God belongs the rest.
Our lives are measured by the deeds we do,
The thoughts we think, the objects we pursue.
A fair young life poured out upon the sod,
In the high cause of freedom and of God,
Though all too short his course and quickly run,
Is full and glorious as the orbéd sun;
While he who lives to hoary-headed age
Oft dies an infant,—dies and leaves no sign;
For he has writ no deed on history's page,
And unfulfilled is being's great design.

Anon.

4. Passing Away.

I asked the stars in the pomp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower;—
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears:—
"We have no light that hath not been given;
We have no strength but shall soon be riven;
We have no power wherein man may trust;
Like him are we,—things of time and dust,
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence is 'Passing away.'"

Maria J. Jewsbury, England, 1800-1833.

5. Good Advice.

In reading authors, when you find
Bright passages that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think on at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white;
Such a respect is wisely shown
That makes another's sense one's own.

In conversation, when you meet
With persons cheerful and discreet,
That speak, or quote, in prose or rhyme,
Things or facetious or sublime,
Observe what passes, and anon,
When you come home think thereupon;
Write what occurs, forget it not,
A good thing saved 's a good thing got.

Notes and Queries.

6. True Living.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives longest;
Lives in one hour more than years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means to an end,—that end,—
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God.

P. J. Bailey, England, 1816—.

7. Thought.

Companion, none is like
  Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech,—
  Through thinking, few, or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
  But makes not thoughts to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
  When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
  Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtues of the mind
  Unto the heavens with us we have;
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
  I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
  To deem in thinking spent.

Thomas Vaux, England, 1510-1557.

8. God's Love.

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
  There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
  There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
  There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
  True love to us, and love undying.

Gerald Griffin, Ireland, 1803-1840.

9. Cultivation.

Weeds grow unasked, and even some sweet flowers
Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,
And bloom on hills, in vales, and everywhere,
As shines the sun, or fall the summer showers,—
But wither while our lips pronounce them fair!
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,
The nurture, and the hopes of watchful hours;
While plants most cultured have most lasting powers.
So flowers of genius that will longest live,
Spring not in Mind's uncultured soil,
But are the birth of time and mental toil,
And all the culture Learning's hand can give.
Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow;
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.

Mrs. E. C. Kinney, America——.

10. Twilight.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

F. G. Halleck, Conn., 1795–1867.

11. The Rainy Day.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the day is dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

H. W. Longfellow.

12. God.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep,—may count
The sands or the sun's rays,—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

G. R. Derzhavin, Russia, 1743-1816.

13. The Seasons.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy beauty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled;
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Jas. Thomson, England, 1700-1748.

14. Five Things.

If Wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
And *how* and *when* and *where*.

Anon.

15 Example.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee, by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

John Keble, England, 1792-1866

16. The Difference.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

R. C. Trench, England, 1807—.

17. The Living Temple.

Not in the world of life alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

Oliver W. Holmes, Mass., 1809—.

18. Labor.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Frances S. Osgood, Mass., 1813-1850.

19. The Tempest.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo Terror to delight us:—but to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,—
To know all human skill, all human strength
Avail not,—to look 'round, and only see
The mountain-wave, incumbent with its weight
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark,—
O God! this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endured the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

Robt. Southey, England, 1774-1843.

20. Faith.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

Frances A. Kemble, England, 1811—.

21. Poetry.

The world is full of Poetry,—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled,
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,—
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

Jas. G. Percival, Conn., 1795-1856.

22. Memory.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
When there are somber colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O! this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes, we shall know
That memory is in possession.

Jean Ingelow, England, 1830—.

23. A Twilight Picture.

The twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back:
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

J. G. Whittier, Mass., 1808.

24. Knowledge and Wisdom.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Wm. Cowper, England, 1731-1800

25. Wisdom.

Ah! when did Wisdom covet length of days,
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
No: Wisdom views, with an indifferent eye
All finite joys, all blessings born to die;
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast;
A spark which upward tends by nature's force,
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity;
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come,
An exile anxious for his native home.

Hannah More, England, 1745–1833.

26. Time.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

Edw. Young, England, 1684–1765.

27. The Gain of Adversity.

A lily said to a threatening cloud
That in sternest garb arrayed him,
"You have taken my lord, the Sun, away
And I know not where you have laid him."

It folded its leaves, and trembled sore
As the hours of darkness pressed it,
But at morn, like a bird, in beauty shone
For with pearls the dews had dressed it.

Then it felt ashamed of its fretful thought,
And fain in the dust would hide it,
For the night of weeping had jewels brought,
Which the pride of day denied it.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Conn., 1791-1865.

28. Duty and Right.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not,
Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.
Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshipers.

W. C. Bryant, Mass., 1794-

29. The Rainbow.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,—
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose,
And thus when the rainbow has passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awakes are too deep to pass by;
It leaves my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like the bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;
Yet, oh! when Death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

Amelia B. Welby, Maryland, 1821-1852.

30. Earnest Workers.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds:
Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other with outstretched arms
Across their narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.

One age moves onward, and the next builds up
Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
Rearing from out the forests they had felled
The goodly frame-work of a fairer state;
The builder's trowel and the settler's ax
Are seldom wielded by the self same hand;
Ours is the harder task, yet not the less
Shall we receive the blessing for our toil
From the choice spirits of the after-time.

Russell Lowell, Mass., 1819—

31. The Guilty Conscience.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
  Is like the scorpion girt by fire;
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close;
Till, inly searched by thousand throes,
  And maddening in her ire,
One, and a sole relief she knows;
The sting she nourished for her foes—
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain—
She darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven;
Darkness above, despair beneath—
Around it flame, within it death.

Lord Byron, England, 1788-1824.

32. The Cost of Success.

Few know of life's beginning; men behold
The goal achieved;—the warrior, when his sword
Flashes red triumph in the noonday sun;
The poet,—when his lyre hangs on the palm;
The statesman, when the crowd proclaim his voice,
And mould opinion on his gifted tongue:
They count not life's first steps, and never think
Upon the many miserable hours
When hope deferred was sickness to the heart.
They reckon not the battle and the march,
The long privations of a wasted youth;
They never see the banner till unfurled.
What are to them the solitary nights
Passed pale and anxious by the sickly lamp,
Till the young poet wins the world at last
To listen to the music long his own?
The crowd attend the statesman's fiery mind
That makes their destiny; but they do not trace
Its struggle, or its long expectancy.
Hard are life's early steps; and, but that youth
Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,
Men would behold its threshold, and despair.

L. E. Landon, (*Letitia E. Maclean,*) England, 1802-1839

33. True Philosophy.

With sweet flowers opening on thy sight daily,
Sing as the birds sing, gladly and gayly.
Think not of autumn sere, winter's grim shadows;
Sing as the birds sing over the meadows.

See what the hour reveals fairly and truly,—
Not what the cloud conceals, but the cloud duly.
Think every common day is a good granted;
Hail every trial sent as a tree planted.

Paint not the tempest's hour till it close o'er thee,
Trust not to Fancy's power,—have it before thee.
Seen its aurora-gleams, felt its dark terror,
Then to thy work proceed, fearless of error.

God sendeth naught in vain, gladness or sorrow:
Strength giveth of its gain, weakness must borrow.
Tempest and summer rain give the tree stature;
Each one who skulks the pain narrows his nature.

Anon.

34. The Weaver.

Little they think, the giddy and the vain,
  Wandering at pleasure 'neath the shady trees,
While the light glossy silk or rustling train
  Shines in the sun or flutters in the breeze,
How the sick weaver plies the incessant loom,
  Crossing in silence the perplexing thread,
Pent in the confines of one narrow room,
  Where droops complainingly his cheerless head;
Little they think with what dull, anxious eyes,
  Nor by what nerveless, thin, and trembling hands,
The devious mingling of those various dyes
  Were wrought to answer Luxury's commands:
But the day cometh when the tired shall rest,—
Where weary Lazarus leans his head on Abraham's
    breast!

Mrs. C. E. S. Norton, England, 1808-1877.

35. Dying Thoughts.

And in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste is heaven!
And though no grassy mound
Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those
Which I have striven to bless,
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him whose bones are mould
ering there.

John Pierpont, Conn., 1785-1866.

36. A Good Life.

He lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
  His love as best we may;
To make His precepts our delight,
  His promises our stay.

But life within a narrow ring
  Of giddy joys comprised
Is falsely named, and no such thing,
  But rather death disguised.

Wm. Cowper.

37. Philanthropy.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,—
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still,—and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt, England, 1784-1859.

38. The Moss Rose.

The angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,—
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven,
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused, in silent thought,—
What grace was there the flower had not?
'Twas but a moment,—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

F. A. Krummacher, Germany, 1768-1845.

39. Neglected Opportunity.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

W. Shakespeare, England, 1564-1616.

40. Disaster.

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aërial lookout,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.
So disaster comes not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

41.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,—
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

W. Scott, Scotland, 1771-1832.

42. Ignorance May be Bliss.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest;
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

A. Pope, England, 1688-1744.

43. How to Rise.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

J. G. Holland, Mass., 1819—.

44. An Alpine Storm.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Lord Byron, England. 1788-1824.

45. Seek Only the Good.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips;
But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness ever pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nectar there.

Anne C. Lynch (Botta), Vermont, — —.

46. All may Attain Essential Knowledge.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers;
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts,—
No mystery is here; no special boon
For high and not for low, for proudly-grand
And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
As from the haughty palace. He whose soul
Ponders this true equality may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope.

Wm. Wordsworth, England, 1770-1850.

47. The Passing of Time.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

W. Shakespeare, England, 1564–1616.

48. Nature.

Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where Nature showed herself,
And reaped her crops, whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round.
Lost now between the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.

Robert Pollok, England, 1799–1827.

49. Time's Importance.

On all important time, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urged; the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
"I've lost a day,"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome? say rather lord of human race!
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: so reason speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly
For rescue from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme! Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.

Edw. Young, England, 1684-1765.

50. Lowly Worth.

Some love the glow of outward show,
The shine of wealth, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it.
What's all the gold that glitters cold
When linked to hard and haughty feeling?
Whate'er we're told, the noblest gold
Is truth of heart and honest feeling.

A humble roof may give us proof
That simple flowers are often fairest;
And trees whose bark is hard and dark
May yield us bloom and fruit the rarest!
There's worth as sure among the poor
As e'er adorned the highest station;
And minds as just as theirs, we trust,
Whose claim is but of rank's creation!
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

Chas. Swain, England, 1803—.

81. The Grasshopper and Cricket.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's,—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

John Keats, England, 1796–1821.

52. The Rhodora.*

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook:
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black waters with their beauty gay;—
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew,
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there, brought you.

R. W. Emerson, Mass., 1803—.

53. The Lilies.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!

* On being asked whence this flower.

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we, poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

Bishop R. Heber, England, 1783-1826.

54. Trial and Hope.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroyed,
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempests freed
Will raise the youthful honors of its head;
And soon, restored by native vigor, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past;
For heaven will exercise us to the last;

Sometimes will check us in our mid career,
With doubtful blessings and with mingled fear,
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass;
With sparing hands will diet us to good,
Preventing surfeits of our pampered blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young,
With little morsels, and delays them long.

Dryden, England, 1631-1700.

55. The Angel of Patience.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on the way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned!"
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.

John Greenleaf Whittier, Mass., 1808—.

56. The Angler.

But look! o'er the fall see the angler stand,
Swinging his rod with skillful hand;
The fly at the end of his gossamer line
Swims through the sun like a summer moth,
Till, dropt with a careful precision fine,
It touches the pool beyond the froth.
A-sudden the speckled hawk of the brook
Darts from his covert and seizes the hook.
Swift spins the reel; with easy slip
The line pays out, and the rod, like a whip,
Lithe and arrowy, tapering, slim,
Is bent to a bow o'er the brooklet's brim,
Till the trout leaps up in the sun, and flings
The spray from the flash of his finny wings,
Then falls on his side, and, drunken with fright,
Is towed to the shore like a staggering barge,
Till beached at last on the sandy marge,
Where he dies with the hues of the morning light,
While his sides with a cluster of stars are bright.
The angler in his basket lays
The constellation, and goes his ways.

 Thomas Buchanan Read, Penn., 1825—.

57. Home.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his God for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Oliver Goldsmith, Ireland, 1728-1774.

58. Virtue.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,—
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,—
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert, England, 1593-1633.

59. Old Age.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The tell-tale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon:
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease: not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light,
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

60. Good Counsel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee.

Wm. Shakspeare, England, 1564-1616.

61. A Sunset.

I saw a glory in the ethereal deep;
A glory such as from the higher heavens
Must have descended. Earth does never keep
In its embrace such beauty. Clouds were driven,
As by God's breath, into unearthly forms,
And then did glow, and burn with living flames,
And hues so bright, so wonderful and rare,
That human language cannot give them names;
And light and shadow strangely linked their arms
In loveliness; and all continual were
In change; and with each change came new charms.
Nor orient pearls, nor flowers in glittering dew,
Nor golden tinctures, nor the insect's wings,
Nor purple splendors for imperial view,
Nor all that art or earth to mortals brings,
Can e'er compare with what the skies unfurled.

These are the wings of angels, I exclaimed,
Spread in their mystic beauty o'er the world.
Be ceaseless thanks to God that, in His love,
He gives such glimpses of the world above,
That we, poor pilgrims, on this darkling sphere,
Beyond its shadows may our hopes uprear.

Thomas Cole, England, 1697—.

62. Exertion Essential.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves:
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious, oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation. E'en the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
The impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder; but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fixed below, the more disturbed above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all.

Wm. Cowper, England, 1731–1800.

68. Truth.

Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfill
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
The future works out great men's destinies;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified for ever; better those
Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
And set him onward in his darksome way.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
Than most men dream of, and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by His grace must fall;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

J. Russell Lowell, Mass., 1819—.

64. Life.

When sanguine youth the plain of life surveys,
It does not calculate on rainy days;
Some, as they enter on the unknown way,
Expect large troubles at a distant day,—
The loss of wealth, or friends they fondly prize;
But reckon not on ills of smaller size,—
Those nameless, trifling ills, that intervene,
And people life, infesting every scene;
And these, with silent, unavowed success,
Wear off the keener edge of happiness:
Those tearing swarms, that buzz about our joys
More potent than the whirlwind that destroys;
Potent with heavenly teaching, to attest
Life is a pilgrimage, and not a rest.
That lesson learned aright is valued more
Than all Experience ever taught before;
For this her choicest secret, timely given,
Is wisdom, virtue, happiness, and heaven.
Long is religion viewed, by many an eye,
As wanted more for safety by-and-by,
A thing for times of danger and distress,
Than needful for our present happiness.
But after fruitless, wearisome assays
To find repose and peace in other ways,
The sickened soul,—when Heaven imparts its grace,—
Returns to seek its only resting place;
And sweet Experience proves as years increase,
That Wisdom's ways are pleasantness and peace.

Jane Taylor. England, 1783-1824.

65. The Mountains.

Howe'er the wheels of Time go round,
We cannot wholly be discrowned.
We bind, in form, and hue and height,
The Finite to the Infinite,
And, lifted on our shoulders bare,
The races breathe an ampler air.
The arms that clasped, the lips that kissed,
Have vanished from the morning mist;
The dainty shapes that flashed and passed
In spray the plunging torrent cast,
Or danced through woven gleam and shade,
The vapors and the sunbeam's braid,
Grow thin and pale: each holy haunt
Of gods or spirits ministrant
Hath something lost of ancient awe;
Yet from the stooping heavens we draw
A beauty, mystery, and might,
Time cannot change nor worship slight.
The gold of dawn and sunset sheds
Unearthly glory on our heads;
The secret of the skies we keep;
And whispers, round each lonely sleep,
Allure and promise, yet withhold,
What bard and prophet never told.
While Man's slow ages come and go
Our dateless chronicles of snow
Their changeless old inscription show,
And men therein for ever see
The unread speech of Deity.

Bayard Taylor, Penn, 1825—.

66. The Soul's Emblem.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve, that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west;—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

John Wilson, Scotland, 1785–1854.

67. Sunset

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung,) he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

Jas. Thomson, England, 1700–1748.

68. Happiness.

True happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went, with justice went,
And with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish;
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

Robt. Pollok, England, 1799-1827.

69. Memory's Power.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy.
They come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long, be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore, Dublin, 1779-1852

70. The Mind.

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark;
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eyes?
Oh no, good friend: neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

Wm. Shakespeare, England, 1564–1616.

71. The Sabbath Morning.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by, in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow luster throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;
So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

John Leyden, Scotland, 1775–1811.

72. Morning's Music.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?—
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the low valley; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bee; the linnet's lay of love;
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

Jas. Beattie, Scotland, 1735-1803.

73. Patriotism.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,—
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Walter Scott, Scotland, 1771-1832.

74. Summer.

She is here!
Amid the distant vales she tarried long,
But she hath come, oh joy! for I have heard
Her many-chorded harp the livelong day,
Sounding from plains and meadows, where, of late,
Rattled the hail's sharp arrows, and where came
The wild north wind, careering like a steed
Unconscious of the rein. She hath gone forth
Into the forest, and its poiséd leaves
Are platformed for the zephyr's dancing feet.
Under its green pavilions she hath reared
Most beautiful things; the Spring's pale orphans lie
Sheltered upon her breast; the bird's loud song
At morn outsoars his pinion; and when waves
Put on night's silver harness, the still air
Is musical with soft tones. She hath baptized
Earth with her joyful weeping. She hath blessed
All that do rest beneath the wing of Heaven,
And all that hail its smile. Her ministry
Is typical of love. She hath disdained
No gentle office, but doth bend to twine
The grape's light tendrils, and to pluck apart
The heart-leaves of the rose. She doth not pass
Unmindful of the bruised vine, nor scorn to lift
The trodden weed; and when the lowlier children
Faint by the way-side, like worn passengers,
She is a gentle mother, all night long
Bathing their pale brows with her healing dews.
The hours are spendthrifts of her wealth; the days
Are dowered with her beauty.

Anna Drinker (Edith May), Penn.

75. An Autumn Evening.

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood,
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think of his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with herself. Vesper looked forth
From out western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the East, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder working there.

Robt. Pollok, England, 1799-1827.

76. The Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
  There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes
  By the deep sea and music in its roar.
I love not man the less but Nature more,
  From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
  To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal

Lord Byron, England, 1788-1824.

77. All is Well.

The clouds which rise with thunder, slake
  Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
  From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
  The love of God more plain;
As through the shadowy lens of even,
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew.

J. G. Whittier, Mass., 1808–

78. The Ship of State.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rung, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, fear not to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

79. Forgiveness.

When on the fragrant sandal-tree
  The woodman's ax descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
  Beneath the keen stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that brought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
"Peace to her foes and love to all!"
How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow and feel the pain,
But render only love again!
This spirit ne'er was given on earth;
One had it,—He of heavenly birth;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse he breathed, no plaint He made,
But when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers and died.

Anon.

80. Good Heart and Willing Hand.

In storms or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play,
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis willing hand! 'Tis cheerful heart!
The two best friends I know,
Around the hearth come joy and mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright! come dark—'tis light!
Come cold—'tis warm ere long!
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first, not second best:
Who weeps, may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodgéd in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties poured,
When they sit down to dine;
The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Without these twain, the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them, poverty grows rich
And finds a loaf to spare!

Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
  Their deeds give courage high;
About their knees the children run,
  Or climb, they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
  Ne'er finds the journey long;—
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
  Merrily sound the song!

Chas. Mackay, Scotland, 1814—.

81. Faith.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,—
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy,—for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences, whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow and ever-enduring power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

W. Wordsworth, England, 1770-1850.

82. Morning.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild: then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

John Milton, England, 1625–1660

83. Trifles.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence!
To spread large bounties, though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet liberal still,
God gives its counterpoise to every ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord may be ours.
The gift of ministering to others' ease
To all her sons impartial Heaven decrees;

The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdued the petty strife
Which clouds the color of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things.

Hannah More, England, 1745-1833.

84. Greatness and Goodness.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel death.

S. T. Coleridge, England, 1772-1834.

85. Hope, Love, Faith.

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings
Around us, never spreads her wings;
Love, though he break his earthly chain,
Still whispers he will come again;
But Faith, that soars to seek the sky,
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,
And find, beyond the smoke and flame,
The cloudless azure whence they came.

O. W. Holmes, Mass., 1809—.

86. Life.

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night,"—but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning."

Anna L. Barbauld, England, 1743-1825.

87. The Excellent Man.

They gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me, more and more;
Said that I only should 'wait awhile,'
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I cannot embrace him,—though *other* folks *can*,—
For I myself am this excellent man.

Harper's Magazine.

88. Life's Aim.

So live, that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. Bryant, Mass., 1808—.

89. The Housekeeper.

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out,—and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn,—'tis well—,
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,—
Knock when you will,—he's sure to be at home.

Chas. Lamb, England, 1775-1834.

90. The Rainbow.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wm. Wordsworth, England, 1770–1850.

91. Better than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles, a hundred-fold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.

Alex. Smart.

92. The American Flag.

When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

J. R. Drake, New York, 1795-1820.

93. Small Beginnings.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

Chas. Mackay, Scotland, 1814—.

94. Gold.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary,—
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,—
As ever its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary.

Thos. Hood, England, 1798–1845.

95. Influence.

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully where breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather: one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

Mrs. S. T. Bolton, Ohio.

96. What Gives Strength.

For strength is born of struggle, faith of doubt,
Of discord, law, and freedom of oppression:
We hail from Pisgah, with exulting shout,
The promised land below us, bright with sun,
And deem its pastures won,
Ere toil and blood have earned us the possession!
Each aspiration of our human earth
Becomes an act through keenest pangs of birth;
Each force, to bless, must cease to be a dream,
And conquer life through agony supreme;
Each inborn right must outwardly be tested
By stern material weapons, ere it stand
In the enduring fabric of the land,
Secured for those who yielded it, and those who wrested.

Bayard Taylor, Penn., 1825—.

97. Expression.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

A. Pope, England, 1688 1744.

98. Effort.

The heights by great men gained and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the light.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

99. How to Live.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He livest longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

H. Bonar, Scotland, 1808—.

100. The Disciple.

Who meekly folds his hand in Jesus' palm,
And follows Him through dusty lane and street,
Through store and market-place, at home, abroad,
And in the busy haunts of men, as much
As in the lonely stillness of the night,
Clings ever nearer to the Lord's close touch,
To me is Christ's disciple if, with mine,
His heartbeats do but throb in unison,
Though eye see not to eye, will waiting stand,
Till, when the thin disguise of speech shall fall,
On his brow shall be written, CHRIST MY ALL.

Wm. L. Gage, N. H., 1833—.

101. Short Words.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this seem true, that once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note,
Sung by some foe or fiend. There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth
than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
Light, but not heat,—a flash, but not blaze.

J. A. Alexander, Penn., 1809-1860.

102. A Character.

O, happiest he, whose riper years retain
The hopes of youth, unsullied by a stain!
His eve of life in calm content shall glide,
Like the still streamlet to the ocean tide:
No gloomy cloud hangs o'er his tranquil day;
No meteor lures him from his home astray;
For him there glows with glittering beam on high
Love's changeless star that leads him to the sky;
Still to the past he sometimes turns to trace
The mild expression of a mother's face,
And dreams, perchance, as oft in earlier years,
The low, sweet music of her voice he hears.

J. T. Fields, New Hampshire, 1820—.

103. Character.

By trifles, in our common ways,
Our characters are slowly piled;
We lose not all our yesterdays;
The man hath something of the child;
Part of the Past to all the Present cleaves,
As the rose-odors linger in fading leaves.

In ceaseless toil, from year to year,
Working with loathe or willing hands,
Stone upon stone we shape and rear,
Till the completed fabric stands;
And when the last hush hath all labor stilled,
The searching fire will try what we have striven to build.

W. M. Punshon, England, 1823—.

104. Ambition.

I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still, in thy right hand, carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, fear not;
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

Shakespeare, England, 1564-1616.

105. Birthdays.

Why should we count our life by years,
  Since years are short, and pass away?
Or, why by fortune's smiles or tears,
  Since tears are vain, and smiles decay?
O, count by virtues, — these shall last
  When life's lame-footed race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
  May cheer us on a brighter shore.

Sarah J. Hale, N. H., 1796-1879.

106. Kindness.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again;
One had it,— but He came from heaven,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed;
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made,
But when in death's dark pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and died.

J. Edmanston.

107. Freedom.

He is the free man whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confederate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off

With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature; and though, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valley his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling, say, "My Father made them all."

Cowper, England, 1731-1800.

108. Charity.

Could I command with voice or pen
The tongues of angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
My speech and preaching would surpass;
Vain were such eloquence to me
Without the grace of charity.

J. Montgomery, Scotland, 1771-1854.

109. Sympathy.

No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars, which Night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns, that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For other's woe down Virtue's manly cheeks.

E. Darwin, England, 1731-1802.

110. Aspiration.

The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs,—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

Thomas Moore, Ireland, 1779–1852.

111. God.

God hath a voice that ever is heard
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird;
It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong,
In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along;
It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom·
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoom;
Let the hurricane whistle, or warblers rejoice,
What do they tell thee but God hath a voice?

God hath a presence and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noon-day, the star of the night;
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
In the mountains of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?

Eliza Cook, England, 1817—.

112. Encouragement.

It may be glorious to write
  Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls like those far stars that come in sight
  Once in a century;
But better far it is to speak
  One simple word which, now and then,
Shall waken their free natures in the weak
  And friendless sons of men.

J. R. Lowell, Mass., 1819—.

113. Joy.

Take joy home
And make a place in thy great heart for her
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows,— aye,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
  It is a comely fashion to be glad;
  Joy is the grace we say to God.

Jean Ingelow, England, 1825—.

114. Charity.

The blessings which the poor and weak can scatter,
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fervid lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juices
Renew the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again.

Thos. N. Talfourd, England, 1795-1854.

115. Patient Labor.

Let us be content to work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because 'tis little. 'Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head consents to miss the point;
Who makes the point agrees to leave the head;
And if a man should cry, "I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway, head and point,"
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.

Mrs. E. B. Browning, England, 1807-1861.

116. Trust in God.

Why should I doubt my Maker's care
My life, my soul that made?
Or tremble still at every snare
That in my path is laid?
He's the same friend,—for aye, the same,
His the same powerful hand,
I've called upon His holy name
In many a distant land.

I've seen His wonders on the deep
Where His loud thunder roars,
And mark'd His billows break and sleep
On green Italia's shores;
And in the hearts all black with guilt,
Where once abode despair,
I've seen His heavenly mansions built,—
His spirit dwelling there.

Theodore Dwight, Mass., 1765–1846.

117. Greatness.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.
Has he not always treasures, always friends,
The great, good man?
Three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
Three changeless friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself,—his Maker,—and the angel Death.

Coleridge, Eng., 1772–1834.

LACONICS.

1. Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble. — *Solomon.*

2. One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth — *Bulwer.*

3. The better part of valor is discretion. — *Shaks.*

4. Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. — *M. Angelo.*

5 Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains. — *Cowper.*

6. There is no substitute for thorough going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. — *C. Dickens.*

7. Flowers are the smiles of God's goodness. — *Wilberforce.*

8. If we make religion our business God will make it our blessedness. — *John Adams.*

9. Do not wait for an opportunity, but work for it. — *J. M. Buckley.*

10. Cultivation is as necessary to the mind as food to the body. — *Cicero.*

11. It is well to think well; it is divine to act well. — *H. Mann.*

12. Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures. — *Cicero.*

13. To-day let us rise and go to our work. To-morrow we shall rise and go to our reward. — *R. Fuller.*

14. If God be our guide He will be our guard. — — *M. Henry.*

15. To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads. — *Byron.*

16. Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures. — *Young.*

17. Blessed is he who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. — *Thomas Hughes.*

18. Self-ease is pain; the only rest
Is labor for a worthy end. — *Whittier.*

19. There is nothing so kingly as kindness, and nothing so royal as truth. — *Alice Carey.*

20. Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him. — *John Locke.*

21. The only way to have a friend is to be one. — *R. W. Emerson.*

22. The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy. — *Dr. Arnold.*

23. Conviction is useless until it be converted into action. — *Carlyle.*

24. The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.
— *Byron.*

25. To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Towards solid good what leads the nearest way
— *Milton.*

26. A moral, sensible, well-bred man
Will not affront me, — no other can. — *Cowper.*

27. The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases with the acquisition of it. — *Sterne.*

28. It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy. — *Ruskin.*

29. Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which we may spell character. — *Lavater.*

30. Doing an evil to avoid an evil cannot be good. *Coleridge.*

31. A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.
— *Young.*

32. A noble heart, like the Sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate. — *Sir P. Sidney.*

33. The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough — *Carlyle.*

34. A miser grows rich by seeming poor, an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. — *Shenstone*

35. The evening of life brings with it its lamps. — *Joubert.*

36. Conscience is a great ledger-book in which all our offenses are written and registered. — *Robert Burton.*

37. Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another — *Richter.*

38. Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good. — *M. Henry.*

39. Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, — to forgive divine. — *Pope.*

40. Maintain your rank ; vulgarity despise ;
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.

41. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. — *Bible.*

42. Liberty consists in the power of doing that which is permitted by law. — *Cicero.*

43. Our country cannot well subsist without liberty, nor liberty without virtue. — *Rousseau.*

44. The four cardinal virtues are prudence, fortitude, temperance, and justice. — *Paley.*

45 Example is a living law, whose sway
Men more than all the written laws obey.
— *C. Sedley.*

46. He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity. — *Lavater.*

47. No man should so act as to take advantage of another's folly. — *Cicero.*

48. True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing. — *Humphreys.*

49. Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity. — *Augustine.*

50. If you would create something you must be something. — *Gœthe.*

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